PERIODICAL ROOM
GENERAL LIBRARY
UNIV. OF MICH.

JAN 14 1949

THE NEW

STATESMAN AND NATION

The Week-end Review

Vol. XXXVI. No. 929. [Incorporating THE ATHENÆUM] SATURDAY, DECEMBER 25, 1948 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a newspaper] SIXPENCE

CONTENTS

COMMENTS . . . . . Page 561
ARGUMENT BY FORCE 563
TRIPLE-HEADED MONSTROSITY. By Peter de Mendelssohn 563
A LONDON DIARY. By Critic 564
LA BELLE DAME SANS MERCI. By Laurence Housman 565
THIS ENGLAND 565
LYSENKO AND THE SCIENTISTS. By Prof. C. H. Waddington 566
PREMATURE BABIES. By Alex Comfort . . 566
FROM THE CHRONICLES OF MOUSEBRIDGE. By Charles Esam-Carter 567
JACK AND THE GROUNDNUTS. By Sagittarius . 568
THE ARTS AND ENTERTAINMENT:
Radio Notes. By William Salter . . . 569
The Movies. By William Whitebait . . 569
CORRESPONDENCE 570
From J. B. Priestley; Kathleen Raine; Michael Barsley; H. E. Bourne; P. Asterley Jones, M.P.; Frank Carpenter; Prof. Hyman Levy; Fred Anderson; and Alexander Werth.
BOOKS IN GENERAL. By Raymond Mortimer 572
REVIEWS:
Pamphlets. By Harold J. Laski . . . 573
The Violet Decade. By Naomi Lewis . . 573
Raphael. By Benedict Nicolson . . . 574
Personal Remarks. By P. H. Newby . . 575
A Magistrate. By Cicely M. Craven . . 576
A SET OF QUESTIONS 577
WEEK-END COMPETITIONS 578

CHRISTMAS MILESTONE

THE Tory Scrooges seem determined to ensure that our Christmas festivities shall be as gloomy as a concerted Press campaign on food shortages can make them. Mr. Strachey answered some of the charges very effectively during a recent food debate. But it is only when we look at the general picture of British economic progress during 1948 that we realise how disingenuous this nagging really is. Twelve months ago, despite the imposition by Sir Stafford Cripps of his austerity plan, our position still seemed desperate to the objective observer. The dollar gap was steadily widening, sterling was being classed with the franc and the lira, and there was still no certainty of Marshall Aid. Judged simply in terms of British recovery, 1948 has been an *annus mirabilis*. The export drive has been maintained against the predictions of most of the experts; sterling is now becoming almost a scarce currency; and even Mr. Hoffman and his fellow free-enterprisers in E.C.A. have had to admit that Socialist Britain—with its controls, nationalisation and social security experiments—is the only major country in Western Europe which displays both the strength of will and the power of organisation necessary to achieve economic independence by 1952. The people of Britain have every right to relax this Christmas and to indulge in a little self-congratulation.

To say this is not to suggest that we are out of danger. The dollar gap has not been closed, but reduced from £630,000,000 to £300,000,000. The production curve, after an encouraging upward movement, is flattening out; and it must not be forgotten that a very modest target for coal production has not been achieved. Sterling may be strong, but this is partly at least due to the forbearance of our creditors. There has been a real and remarkable recovery, but if we are honest and sensible with ourselves, we shall frankly admit that the odds are still against our survival as an independent nation. What we have done in twelve months is to transform the apparent certainty of collapse into a possibility—but only a possibility—of independence.

Fiscally, this has been achieved by a policy of disinflation which has put the heaviest strain on the loyalty of the Labour Movement. As Mr. Maurice Webb reminded the House of Commons in the Adjournment Debate, the cost of living has become a burning question for every household, not only in the working classes but in the middle classes too. The Communists and the Tories have formed an "under-the-counter" alliance against austerity; and are busily engaged in spreading the illusion that it is something that could be avoided under a different Government. It says much for the discipline of the Trade Union Movement that it has not surrendered to these allurements and has loyally co-operated in the Chancellor's unpalatable policy. The real test of democratic Socialism comes when the Trade Unions, though they have the power to push wage claims, abstain from doing so at a time when this means real hardship for millions of workers.

Mr. Webb rightly argued that there is a limit to such self-discipline. If austerity is pushed too far in an effort to stem inflation, it may suddenly produce a new batch of wage claims and so once again set in motion the inflationary spiral. But we cannot believe that the point has yet been reached where disinflation can be suspended. To swell purchasing power, for instance, by a sweeping reduction of purchase tax would destroy the effects of six months' self-sacrifice. Unpleasant though it will be, the *general* standard of living must be pegged at its present level; and the aim of the Government should be to alleviate particular classes of hardship and especially to give some assistance to the family man. An extension of family allowances to the first child and an increase of income tax rebates for children would be infinitely wiser, for instance, than any general relaxation of austerity. For the recovery achieved in 1948 will only endure, if the policy which made it possible is carried on through 1949.

To do this is to demand a lot of the British people. But in the past it has always been found that we react best when most is demanded of us, provided that we understand the reasons for the sacrifices and can see that they are being made for a worthy object. Independence of American aid by 1952 is just such an object, and the battle to achieve it will continue to evoke a response so long as it is also a battle against privilege and social inequality. Austerity must be a fairly-shared austerity if it is to be accepted not for a few months but for a period of years.

The real achievement, therefore, of 1948 is not to be found merely in statistics of production and exports, but in the determination of the Government to continue its advance towards Socialism simultaneously with the export drive. The maintenance of food subsidies—the most important piece of practical Socialism which the Government has carried out—the inauguration of the State medical service and the nationalisation of steel are not doctrinaire measures irrelevant to the main task, but an essential part of the battle to close the dollar gap. If the people are to tighten their belts and to do without dollar imports, they must do so in the knowledge that meanwhile they are achieving two things which cost no dollars—social justice and equality of opportunity.

Looking Ahead

There is little of the spirit of Yuletide conviviality in the White Paper published this week, embodying the memoranda in which the British Government has outlined for O.E.E.C. its programme for the four-year period, 1949-53, of Marshall Aid. We are told the conditions of solvency, by 1953, in our balance of foreign payments; and there is a cautious prediction that, if all goes well, the domestic consumer will be getting rather more food and an increase of, perhaps, 15 per cent. in the general supply of goods for the home market. It is clear, however, that no considerable relaxation of austerity is expected or intended. If the "Battle of the Gap" is to be won, there can be no more than a very modest expansion of imports, and these are necessarily to take

the form of raw materials without which the high export target set up cannot be reached. On the details of the Plan we shall have occasion to comment more fully in a later issue. The first impression conveyed by it is that, notwithstanding the precision of the statistical evidence of production and trade on which it is based, it is not so much a plan as a set of assumptions on which the hoped-for recovery of Britain rests. That is to say, if production both of agriculture and industry improves to the postulated extent; if we succeed (as every other recipient of E.R.P. hopes to succeed) in increasing our exports to the Western hemisphere while curtailing purchase which must be paid for in dollars; and if we can expand and sell for dollars the colonial production of raw material on which Sir Stafford Cripps is relying—then all may be well. With one proviso: as was already known from the outline of the Plan which leaked into the Paris press, the equilibrium in Britain's balance of payments at which the Government is aiming in four years' time depends on a severe restriction of imports from the other members of Western Unjon, as well as from the dollar area. It is argued in Paris and other European capitals, not without force, that the achievement of British solvency is incompatible with the general recovery of Europe at which the Marshall Plan aims. In the course of framing the European "master-plan," there may have to be some revision of the assumptions and estimates on which the British Plan is based.

Peace Moves in China?

With Peiping closely invested and the Nationalists' last defence line north of Nanking broken by the loss of Pengpu, Dr. Sun Fo has announced that he has at last succeeded in forming a new Cabinet which, he claims, will represent all sections of opinion within the Kuomintang. It is not yet clear what the balance of power in this "coalition" will be as between the diehards who are determined to fight it out and the more liberal—perhaps one should say realistic—elements who would like to come to terms with the Communists. Nor has the Premier indicated with any precision the terms on which he is prepared to negotiate with Mao Tse. He has expressed hopes that an "honourable peace" may be secured; but he has declared: "This Cabinet is not going to surrender outright; that would be scuttling the anti-Communist fight." Brave words; but evidence accumulates that for the Kuomintang the game is up. Even over the territory still nominally Nationalist, Chiang Kai-shek's hold is weakening. For instance, the province of Hunan, China's rice bowl, has refused to send him any further rice for his defeated and increasingly demoralised troops; and his wealthy supporters in Nanking are in flight to Canton, Formosa, or the greater safety of Hongkong. On the other hand, it is significant that many Chinese industrialists are apparently deciding to stay on in the Yangtse valley cities, on the calculation that they can get along reasonably well under a Communist administration. Indeed, their immediate anxiety is lest their factories be destroyed by the Nationalists before the Communists come and take over. At Chingwantao, north of Tientsin, the retreating Kuomintang forces blew up installations of the British-owned Kailan Mining Administration; and in Tientsin itself Nationalist troops, out of control, have been looting the premises of British firms. If a ceasefire can be arranged promptly, much needless destruction in China may be averted; but Dr. Sun Fo will have to recognise that he is in no position to drive a good bargain for the Kuomintang.

Conciliation in Palestine

Almost the last act of the Security Council was to decide against the immediate acceptance of Israel as a member of the United Nations. Britain led the resistance to the proposal of the U.S.A. and the U.S.S.R.; and, by inducing France and Canada to join with her in abstention, just won the day. It was, however, a Pyrrhic victory, since the issue is merely postponed until April. Meanwhile, the task of conciliation has been left by the Assembly in the hands of the United States, France and Turkey. Without any terms of reference, these three Powers—none of which has been notable for firmness on this particular issue—will find it difficult either to reach agreement among themselves or to impose their will on the belligerents. This has the advantage that Israel and Transjordan will be left a fairly free hand. Abdullah now has a "mandate" both from his own State Council and from the Palestinian Arabs for incorporating the Arab State in Transjordan. He has also strengthened his position by appointing as the Mufti of Jerusalem a well-known opponent of the ex-Mufti, who has taken refuge with the rest of his Government in Cairo. If Abdullah is to prosecute his designs for a greater Syria, he must have on his flank a friendly Israel. All that deters him from settling with Ben Gurion is the subversive activity of his British advisers.

Congress and the Commonwealth

The outstanding feature of the Indian Congress Party Conference has not been that there have been attacks on the Government for its pro-Commonwealth policy, but the relative mildness of those attacks. Congress grew to power, naturally enough, on the anti-British plank. It is as the Party that won independence that t maintains itself in office now and holds together the divergent elements that compose it. Any suggestion that domination by external authority has not been absolutely eliminated is bound to be harmful to the leadership. Yet the worst that could be said was that Britain was pro-Pakistan and anti-Indian; and that racial discrimination flourishes in parts of the Commonwealth. Pandit Nehru had no difficulty in disposing of the first argument. The second is manifestly just. The grievance can only be removed by time and by the powerful advocacy that India can put forward better from inside the Commonwealth than from without. For the rest it is clear that India has suffered no interference in her policies from the Commonwealth, or from Britain, and the Government was able to demonstrate that Britain has been concerned to support and succour the new country and not to damage it. Consequently, the discussion whether to associate with the Commonwealth became a debate on *how* to associate. To many in Britain it seems as though India were now on the verge of deciding to leave the Commonwealth. In reality, that decision had already been taken psychologically, and the new decision to re-enter is the one at issue. The President of Congress probably voiced the general opinion when he said that Dominion status must go but hinted that some form of association must be found. Probably a link half-way between that of Eire and that of the older Dominions will be devised.

Christmas Present for Austria?

When the Austrian peace treaty talks were discontinued last May, the cause of the breakdown was the refusal of the Soviet representative definitely to dissociate himself from the Yugoslav claim that Austria must cede a portion of her Southern provinces. The fact that the Austrian Government has now been notified by Moscow that the Soviet Union is as ready as the Western Powers to resume the discontinued talks suggests that the Russians have no longer any idea of being generous to Tito at Austria's expense. This being so, the differences which the four Foreign Ministers have to bridge in relation to Austria are, on the face of it, not wide; even in the matter of the "German assets" claimed by the U.S.S.R. there was a close approach to agreement last spring. It would, however, be premature to suppose that the resumed negotiations will be all plain sailing. There is, of course, no question of Austria being exposed to the risk of an internal Communist *coup* in the event of a general withdrawal of occupation troops. On the contrary, the orientation of Austrian politics has of recent months been so clearly to the Right that the Russians may be inclined to make any offer on their part to withdraw their garrisons conditional on stiff provisos governing the future direction of Austrian trade. It is, however, welcome news that there is at least a chance of a Four Power conference on this, the least intractable of Europe's problems. If agreement can be reached about Vienna, it may be easier to find a basis for the resumption of talks on Berlin.

The Miners' Demands

The National Coal Board has turned down the request of the mineworkers for another week's holiday with pay, which would have given the miners a total of twenty paid holidays a year. While this in itself is a moderate and reasonable claim in a heavy and unpleasant industry, clearly the Board believes that it cannot accept either the increased cost or the diminished production which would probably result. Yet two weeks' paid holiday, in addition to the six Bank Holidays, was one of the main points in the "Miner's Charter"; and the Board's rejection of the idea is almost certainly a prelude to attempts to scale down or reject outright some other points in the original Charter, on the grounds of present impracticability or of cost. A majority of the Union executive may accept postponement, for the present at least, provided that concessions are made on such issues as compensation for redundancy on the closure of pits and, perhaps, on the cost-of-living bonus. But when it comes to major issues, such as the all-round revision of the industry's wage structure, it may be difficult for both the Union leaders and the Board to resist rank-and-file pressure indefinitely. Mr. Horner has already denounced his colleagues in the union for "selling out" the Charter; and, although he may be placed in an awkward position personally by the victory of the anti-Communist wing of the executive, he can find fresh ammunition—maybe even fresh support—every time the executive appears to be helping the Board to hold back concessions to the working miner. This is not a happy prospect for tranquillity in the coalfields, for at the least serious embarrassment can be caused to the executive and the Board. At the worst, it may lead to serious dissatisfaction and wildcat strikes.

Unesco's Tasks

The new Director-General of Unesco, Dr. Jaime Torres-Bodet, of Mexico, has been given a restricted budget for next year. His predecessor, Dr. Julian Huxley, had asked the Beirut Conference to maintain at least the figure of $8,250,000; but the Budget Commission, after a heavy barrage against the administration reduced that sum by $400,000. Half the budget will still be spent on "house-keeping and book-keeping"; and, though one of the costliest bureaux, "Exchange of Information"—a fantastic piece of administrative "empire-building"—is to be "reorganised," Torres-Bodet and the Executive will have to make further inroads into the American-made administrative system. That will take courage because the Americans, contributing 43 per cent of the budget, are heavily entrenched in high places. By all accounts, Torres-Bodet, as Foreign Minister of Mexico, displayed no lack of courage in his dealings with the State Department. He has also said, on taking office, that, if necessary, Unesco will have to "reduce its range of activities so as to carry out each project thoroughly and to a finish." One such useful project, is to send international missions to help war-devastated and backward countries with their educational problems. Hungary and the Philippines have already asked for such missions and Afghanistan would like one. Educational experts are also going to meet next year in Latin-America and possibly in the Far East to discuss methods of attacking mass illiteracy on which Torres-Bodet, while Minister of Education in Mexico, set a world example.

ARGUMENT BY FORCE

THE Dutch militarists and Right-wing Catholics have at last won their way in Indonesia. Intelligent Dutch business men have throughout desired a peaceful settlement, without which prosperity cannot return to Indonesia; and the Socialists, though deplorably weak, have been opposed to unnecessary violence. On the other hand, General Spoor, Commander-in-Chief in Indonesia, has never pretended to believe in any other policy than that of renewed colonial war, while the hopes of the militarist party rose sharply last July when the Dutch elections brought into power a government in which the Catholic Party had the dominant voice. The outstanding figure in this Party is the extremist, Dr. Romme, whose foreign policy has never included concessions to Republican nationalism. The argument of force has won.

In launching this attack the Dutch have repudiated the Renville Agreement of last January; prejudiced the future of the Security Council, which has made sincere efforts to solve the Indonesian problem through the Committee of Good Offices; and played straight into the hands of the Indonesian extremists and Communists, who have always maintained that the Security Council's Committee of Good Offices was a façade behind which the Dutch were preparing their present attack. This view will now be accepted as the truth in the United Nations, and especially by India and the Muslim Powers of the Middle East, unless moderate opinion in Holland, responsive to world opinion, insists on a reversal of Dutch policy. The Dutch, long accustomed to regard themselves as the earliest and most sincere of internationalists, would be surprised if they realised the impression they have made on the outside world by a singularly selfish exhibition of exclusive nationalism.

For the Dutch Government now to assert that Indonesia's problems are a domestic affair outside the Security Council's jurisdiction is absurd. They accepted the Security Council's intervention after their last "Police Action," and they will find difficulty in persuading the special session of the Security Council, called by Australia and America to consider the Indonesian war, that Uno has been illegally discussing Indonesia for the last twelve months. Indeed the Security Council has already been interminably bored by scores of hours of legal arguments from Dr. van Kleffens, in spite of which it handled, with a considerable measure of success, the problems that arose in the interim period after the signing of the Renville Agreement. The Committee of Good Offices was satisfied with the conditions of the truce, under which the Republicans withdrew thirty thousand troops out of the pockets they held in West Java, offered to demobilise, and began to replace soldiers by civilian police in the demilitarised zones. The Netherlands neither replaced soldiers by police nor agreed to demobilise.

It was not on these technical details, but on the political issues that negotiations broke down. The Dutch were not prepared to make any real concessions on the issue of sovereignty. The Republic acknowledged Dutch sovereignty; but they claimed that the Renville Agreement modified it, and maintained their right to certain concrete attributes of sovereignty as implicit in their *de facto* authority. These were acknowledged by the Security Council and by a considerable number of outside States, which recognised the Republic. Indeed they were accepted by the Dutch themselves. The Dutch insisted, however, that the Provisional Federal Government (set up for the interim period before the establishment of a United States of Indonesia) should be completely under their control. In these circumstances it was reasonable on the part of the Republic to refuse to hand over their army, their foreign relations and other attributes of independence.

The Australian and American members of the Good Offices Committee tried to break the deadlock by advocating elections, but the Belgian member (who might just as well have been a Dutchman) imposed what amounted to a veto. In July came the change of Government in Holland. When it was clear that the new Minister of Overseas Territories was not serious about further negotiations, the Republic suspended talks on the ground that there was nothing to discuss unless new instructions came to the Dutch delegation. None came. On the contrary, the Dutch exacerbated Republican feeling by taking over the Republican hospital in Batavia, by an unfortunate shooting incident, and finally by threatening to expel members of the Republican delegation from Batavia on unspecified charges.

By September the situation was already deteriorating rapidly, when the Republic suffered yet another blow—the Communist rebellion in Central Java. The Hatta Government however, proved its strength and popularity by easily putting down the rebellion. In spite of attacks from the Dutch and from the Communists, the Republic continued to support the Committee of Good Offices; once more the Americans came forward with proposals. They, too, stressed the need of elections and the giving of some measure of popular authority to the Provisional Federal Government. The Republicans supported them, but the Dutch, never willing to accept any proposal which would reflect the popularity of the Republicans, turned the proposals down by delaying tactics and the suggestion of amendments which made nonsense of them. In November Mr. Stikker, the Dutch Foreign Minister, visited Indonesia and saw Dr. Hatta. As a result he seems to have believed that it was possible to come to agreement. But, on his return to the Hague, he found the Catholic Party predisposed for a Police Action, and there was no group in the Government strong enough to defeat this policy. Mr. Stikker went back again, but he was accompanied this time by Mr. Sassen, the Overseas Minister, and a predominantly Conservative Parliamentary Delegation.

This Commission had no serious contribution to make towards ending the deadlock. On the contrary, it returned to Holland after a few days during which there were fruitless discussions with Dr. Hatta. The Commission spoke with two voices: the Foreign Minister, Mr. Stikker, seems to have believed in negotiations, but Mr. Sassen, the Catholic Party's nominee, Dr. Beel (who succeeded Dr. van Mook) and Dr. Romme certainly did not. Mr. Sassen's views won the day. To the claim that Dr. Hatta might be repudiated by his Government the answer is that such a situation would not have occurred if the Dutch had really tried to negotiate and had not issued demands and ultimata. The Netherlands authorities informed the Committee of Good Offices on December 11 that they would negotiate no longer with the Republic, and that they intended setting up an Interim Government without it. And this point the Security Council, as it was urged to do by the Indonesians, should have dealt with this matter at once. Regrettably it decided to postpone any discussion until it returned to New York in January.

Within forty-eight hours of this failure of the Security Council to understand the significance of the Dutch step, General Spoor at last had the satisfaction of watching the military operation in Jogjakarta from a Dutch plane hovering over the city. An offensive was launched by sea, land and air, and some of the leading Indonesian Ministers, including the President and the Prime Minister were captured. Only at this point did the Security Council decide that it must resume consideration of the Indonesian problem immediately.

From the military point of view the Dutch are not likely to encounter too much difficulty in Java, though resistance will no doubt continue on a guerilla basis. Sumatra, largely undeveloped and more suitable for partisan warfare, may present their soldiers with a stiffer problem. The full political effects of Dutch violence are not yet discernible. But the first repercussions are serious enough. Pandit Nehru's strong speech clearly envisages an exiled Indonesian Government with its headquarters in India. On this issue Hindu and Muslim will be at one. For, although Indonesia is 90 per cent Muslim, Hindus and, indeed, all the people of Asia and the Middle East, will see Dutch action as a challenge to their awakened nationalism. Whereas British policy has been to recognise nationalist feeling and to attempt to work in harmony with it, enlisting its support and alliance against Communism, it would seem as if the Dutch had actually desired to identify Indonesian nationalism with Communism at the risk of turning an unwarlike and co-operative people into the allies of the extremists on whom the Dutch wish to father all the blame.

When the Dutch complain of British criticism on the ground that we, too, are defending our interests in Malaya, we should answer that in Malaya there was no indigenous popular government with whom we first made an agreement which we afterwards broke; and that if, in fact, such a government appears in Malaya we shall at once seek to recognise its right to speak for the Malayan people and do our best to negotiate with it. Further, if our conduct in Malaya or elsewhere is open to criticism, we fully acknowledge that, as joint members of Western Union, the Dutch have the right frankly to tell us—as the world is indeed telling us over Israel—where we err. Similarly, we have the right and the duty to tell the Dutch in the plainest terms that membership of Western Union does not mean that we must all try to avoid friction by refusing to criticise each other. On the contrary we should make it clear that if we are to make a success of "the democratic way of life" all the Western Empires must agree on a new policy of working together with peoples who are no longer willing to accept the status of subject races.

TRIPLE-HEADED MONSTROSITY

THE outlines of the triple-headed monster that will be Germany within six months at the latest are now emerging. Both Eastern and Western Germany have almost completed the work of framing their respective constitutions, and there is nothing to indicate that either is willing to surrender to the other its claim to represent the whole of Germany. Between them, there hangs suspended in political mid-air a city of three million people. Berlin represents the third constitutional entity; and, once again, neither its Western nor its Eastern half is ready to yield to the other its claim to be regarded as the capital of the Reich.

The Communist constitution resembles closely in all its main features the new constitution of Czechoslovakia. It gives an outward appearance of having been framed in a liberal democratic spirit, but a closer scrutiny of its 144 Articles shows that it is intimately co-ordinated with the constitutional machinery of the "People's Democracies." Legislation adopted by the "People's Chamber," the all-powerful Parliament, is not subject to the provisions of the constitution, but the application of the constitution is subject to current legislation.

Thus personal liberties, for instance, are guaranteed by Article VIII, but the Executive "may" restrict or even withdraw them. Article VI proclaims all citizens equal before the law, but it announces simultaneously: "No person may be active in public services or occupy leading positions in economic or cultural life" who engages in "boycott or agitation against democratic organisations, incites the murder of democratic politicians" or otherwise "fosters militarist and war propaganda." Under Article IX, all citizens may assemble peacefully, and freely and publicly voice their opinions "within the restrictions provided by the law."

The economic structure of the State is uncompromisingly Communist. Private property is guaranteed, but "its extent and limitations will be fixed by law." Restrictions on ownership and expropriations are legalised by Article XXII, and may be ordered "for the benefit of the community" against appropriate compensation, except "where the law provides otherwise."

The political structure is rigorously centralised. The highest executive organ in the State is the "People's Chamber" consisting of 400 Deputies. Nomination for election to this Parliament is accepted only from organisations working "for the democratic structure of public and social life in the Republic," but here, as elsewhere, the relevant Article fails to give any definition of the term "democratic."

This Soviet Zone constitution is almost exclusively a Communist effort. It has no popular support and has never attempted to seek it. The hurry with which it was drawn up and adopted, as well as the slogan, "Bonn must capitulate for the sake of German unity," under which it sails, was obviously dictated by fear lest for once the West should steal a decisive march on the East. Since its publication two months ago, little has been heard of it, and it can be assumed it will not be "activated" unless and until the West is ready.

The West is nearly ready. The Bonn draft constitution is now about eighty per cent. complete, and is about half-way through its second reading. When the Parliamentary Council, after adjournment, resumes on January 5, it will probably be able to complete the second and third reading within five to six weeks. This is on the assumption that the Foreign Ministers can reach agreement on two disputed points of the Occupation Statute which was referred back to them last week; for the Bonn parliamentarians insist they will not complete the third reading unless they have been shown the Statute beforehand. This the Military Governors have promised. The chances are, therefore, that a West German Government will be in office by late May or early June.

The Bonn constitution rests on two basic documents—one Allied, the other German. The Allied one is the so-called "Document Number One" which was handed to the German Minister Presidents after the London Conference on July 2, 1948. It states the basic principles along which the Bonn Parliamentary Council must work, but within which it is free to work out its own solution.

> The Constituent Assembly will draft a democratic constitution which will establish for participating States a Governmental structure of a federal type, which is best adapted to the eventual re-establishment of German unity, at present disrupted, and which will protect the rights of participating States, provide adequate central authority, and contain guarantees of individual rights and freedoms.

The second document is the so-called "Chiemsee Recommendations," drawn up by an unofficial group of German constitutional experts during the summer months and submitted to the Bonn Assembly as a general guide. It represents an attempt to preserve all that was good, and had stood the test, in the Weimar Constitution, while at the same time inserting such safeguards against abuse as have been found necessary since the experience of Hitler. Although they avoided the more extreme Federalist ideas put forward in these recommendations and sought to reconcile them with the more outspokenly Centralist conceptions advanced by the Social-Democrats, the sixty-five members of the Bonn Assembly have stuck fairly close to this paper. Given the considerable divergencies on fundamental issues existing between Northern and Southern Germany on the one hand, and between Christian Democrats and Socialists on the other, in fairness it must be said that they have worked conscientiously and have produced what looks like a workmanlike job. Whether they will be able to work this constitution is another question, the more so since the Federalist conception is, in fact, alien territory to them, and even those amongst them who profess themselves Federalists, like the C.D.U., the Bavarian Separatists and the Ruhr Catholics, are basically just as Centralist as the Socialists.

The new State will be called "*Bundes Republik Deutschland*" (Federal Republic of Germany), and its territory will be that of the eleven *Laender* at present comprising the three Western Zones. Five delegates from the Western Sectors of Berlin have helped to draft the constitution, and it is anticipated that, in one form or another, Berlin will also be permanently represented in the Federal Parliament. This will have two Chambers, the "*Bundestag*" (Federal House of Representatives) with four hundred members, and the "*Bundesrat*" (Federal House Council) representative of *Land* Governments. The exact function of this Second Chamber is still not clear, and it is one of the points on which the Bonn Parliamentary Council wish to assure themselves more precisely of Allied intentions. There will be a Federal President, whose position will be something of a halfway house between British Prime Minister and American President. There will be a Supreme Court and, needless to say, there will be a National Flag—black, red and gold, the colours of the Weimar Republic.

There is a good deal more that recalls the Weimar Republic, but even more obvious is the effort to avoid some of its major structural deficiencies. Basic rights and liberties have been more firmly cemented into the 149 Articles of the Constitution, and this should make it difficult for any Government to throw them overboard, as happened in 1933. This applies especially to the Government's right (now narrowly restricted) to rule by emergency decree—the right which opened the door to Hitler. Anti-democratic parties (meaning parties with a totalitarian programme) will be unconstitutional; and, although the Confederate States will be free to determine their own constitutional way of life, they will not be permitted to adopt One-Party systems.

The Financial and Electoral Laws are the two most important points on which the drafters are not agreed. In both respects, the new State is likely to differ greatly from Weimar, and the task of balancing the claims of the Federation against those of its Confederates is one with which German political science is not familiar and which seems to baffle it. The Federal Government will, in any case, have to retain a certain amount of supreme financial authority if it is to be responsible to the Allies for payment of occupation costs. But this is the point of the Occupation Statute on which the French strongly disagree with the British and Americans. The central collection of taxes, which will be required for central payment of the occupation costs, in their view gives the Federal Government excessive Centralist power, since it is obviously true that, whoever has the money, has the authority. No agreement has been reached among the Germans regarding their electoral procedure. Proportional representation and election by simple majority both have their opponents; and the chances are that a compromise will be reached embodying all the disadvantages of both methods.

Although both constitutions—one Communist and rigidly Centralist, the other as loosely Federalist and liberally capitalist as both the security-conscious French and the free-enterprise Americans can make it—claim that they are ultimately valid for the whole of Germany and leave the door open for the missing half of Germany to come in, it must not be supposed for one moment that the two can in any way be reconciled. Once two separate States have been constructed upon these foundations, the prospect is not that they will find some *modus vivendi*, but that they will hate each other as passionately as Paraguay and Bolivia.

Both Germanys even now claim Berlin as their one and only rightful capital. There is little doubt that the Russians, who always insisted that Berlin is an integral part of their Zone, will take immediate steps to incorporate it completely as soon as the Western State has been irrevocably set up. Western politicians in Berlin are even now trying to forestall this move by insisting that the three Western Sectors must immediately be constituted as a "City State," eligible to join the West German Federation as the Twelfth Confederate on equal terms; and the new city administration under Ernst Reuter is taking steps to form itself into a City Government for this purpose. There are even those who claim that Western Berlin should be made the capital of the Western Federation from the very start. While the second idea has few backers outside those who are still heady from the recent election victory, the first notion seems, in fact, to have found the sympathetic ear of General Clay. If it is carried out, Marshal Sokolovsky will rightfully grab the other half of the city, and the visa and customs control at Brandenburg Gate will no longer be the poor joke it is now but a monstrous reality.

PETER DE MENDELSSOHN

A LONDON DIARY

LOOKING at the lovely Norwegian Christmas tree in Trafalgar Square, with the coloured fountains playing on either side of it and the crowds milling around, I could not help thinking of a remark made to me last Sunday by a clerical friend. For some years he has been studying the decline of church-going. By his calculation, whereas some 25 per cent. of adults attend a place of worship at least three times a year, only 1 per cent. can be said to have a religion which makes any difference to their lives. "Christmas," he said to me sadly, "has become the pagan saturnalia of a materialist civilisation." According to this definition a child ceases to be a Christian when it no longer believes in either Father Christmas or the virgin birth. If belief means acceptance as a scientifically verifiable fact, then many of our leading theologians have long ceased to believe in Christianity. Few of those who attended the Amsterdam Conference, for instance, still hold that there is a valid ontological proof of the existence of God or that the New Testament is "true" in the same sense as the laws of gravity. But if Christian belief means accepting the New Testament story as a revelation of the pattern of life, as it should be lived by human beings, then millions of agnostics, including most of the crowd in Trafalgar Square, are still Christians, though as always the vast majority are relatively indifferent and only a tiny number try to live up to the ideal. And of this tiny number I suspect that a majority would be classed as agnostics to-day. People often write as though the decline in the influence of organised religion—which is a scientifically verifiable fact not only in Christendom but in the Moslem and Buddhist world—is the same thing as a decline in morality. But in reality, while the Churches have been emptying, human conduct in this country has in certain ways become more Christian. We are, for instance, an infinitely more humane country to-day than a century ago. The general standard of conduct, whether of employers to their workpeople or of parents to their children or of everybody to animals has surely improved immeasurably. As for morality in the narrow sexual sense, there is no evidence that men and women display less Christian love for each other. What has happened is that the moral problems which we face have been so transformed that the orthodox teaching of the Churches about married life now seems irrelevant or sometimes sheerly wicked. The strongest case for the pessimist is, of course, in the realm of international politics. But even here is there a decline of morality in the strict sense of the word? Mr. Gladstone would no doubt have found theological reasons, instead of reasons of expediency, for a Christian country to rely on the atom bomb to protect itself against Communism. But would that have made him more Christian?

* * *

The House of Commons' jest that "old So-and-so is down in the mouth because he has

not yet been mentioned in the Tribunal," is one way of emphasising a very real criticism of this type of public inquiry. If there are no rules of evidence and witnesses are allowed to range as wide as they like, then no one's reputation is safe; public men whose characters are clearly quite beyond suspicion will be smeared merely because a large section of the public never reads beyond the headlines. This, of course, suits the inventors of whispering campaigns. A distinguished American who was in London last week expressed great alarm about this. He said that much harm had been done in the United States by general muck-raking inquiries and that Americans who are trying to abolish such inquiries will now no longer be able to point to Britain as a shining example of a better method of procedure. But he did not tell us the solution of the problem. If the inquiry is not public, it will satisfy no one; and, if the truth is to be ascertained, the Tribunal must take evidence that would not be permissible in a law court. After the Lynskey Tribunal has reported, I shall expect a really serious discussion amongst politicians and lawyers about how so to improve the technique of muck-raking that the muck is not indiscriminately thrown.

* * *

A friend in China sends me as a contribution to our hypothetical "This China" column, the following news item from the *North China Daily News*.

> The police bureau in Peiping on instructions from Fu Tso-yi's North China headquarters will next week start special classes for all registered Chinese nuns and prostitutes in Peiping. Lectures will be given on methods of spotting Communist spies, thrift and co-operation with the Government. About 270 nuns and over 800 prostitutes are affected. Classes will be held separately.

The fate of Peiping seems likely to interrupt this odd educational enterprise.

* * *

The Government rightly asks us to look at our jobs with new eyes to see how we can save manpower and materials, and increase production. I should like to return the compliment. Apart from my favourite demand that the Government should undertake a radical overhaul of its whole form-filling system, there must be many little ways in which they could set a good example. An American friend asks me, for instance, why we have number plates at the front and back of cars. What is the one in front for? Policemen who can't stop a driver take his number from the rear, never from the front, except in the unlikely event of his trying to make a getaway in reverse. The saving of material on new vehicles would be quite substantial and so would the scrap that could be collected from the ones already in use. Again, why waste paint and labour on painting the number "3" on railway carriage doors? Everyone knows that, unless it has a "1" on it, the carriage is third class. And some day, perhaps, the underground stations can be fitted up entirely with automatic machines to do away with the ticket offices and divert the men inside them to other occupations. No doubt ingenious people can think of many other simple and obvious suggestions that the Government and its agencies could put into operation.

* * *

Scotland has over two million acres of peat land and the Scottish Reconstruction Committee regard it as the country's most valuable untapped raw material. They have made approaches on the subject to the Secretary of State for Scotland, Mr. Arthur Woodburn, and to Mr. Tom Johnson, chairman of the North of Scotland Electricity Board. One of their grievances is that the findings of the Peat Utilisation Committee, agreed on by the foremost peat experts of the country and submitted over a year ago, has never been made public or acted upon. Another grievance is that the Scottish bogs have never been surveyed or classified, nor the peat analysed. The committee, in which 12 Scottish Labour M.P.s are included, wants peat used for power generation, using gas turbines. They also argue that many of the peat bogs when they have been "cut away" could be regenerated for food-growing purposes.

* * *

I've often thought that the men who carry the sandwich-boards in the west-end streets, advertising Turkish baths and cafés and lost property sales, represent the lowest level of human participation in the hierarchy of commerce and industry. I've found it sad rather than funny that they should turn their boards upside-down during their lunch-hour. The other morning in the Strand I saw six of them standing in a row, each with a much-folded newspaper held up before his eyes in a position that revealed the difficulty of bending the head down while the boards are strapped to the shoulders. Their faces were tense. Sudden bad news, the Tribunal, Uno, Berlin? Walking close enough to see what they read, I found that each was studying a tabulated "grid" of the day's racing prospects; their immobility, expression, and stance were as uniform as any a chorus-master could hope to assemble on the stage. A visitor, seeing such uniformity of mind and body, might need reminding that in this country totalitarianism is quite voluntary.

* * *

The editorial desk of *The Times* must, I think, be stacked with letters from zealous gardeners claiming a record for the flowers that are blooming in their garden in Christmas week, 1948. If editors do not publish such letters, I suspect that the reason is that there are so many of them, and that the prize for abnormality is difficult to award. It is not uncommon to pick the odd polyanthus and primrose in late December; but I never before remember a year in which I could gather a bunch of primroses at Christmas time or, far more surprisingly, trump my friends' claim to have clematis and even cistus in blossom in December by triumphantly producing a sprig of flowering honeysuckle.

CRITIC

LA BELLE DAME SANS MERCI

(A New Version)

Author's Note.—Some years ago, when I was preparing a lecture on Wordsworth, the thought struck me—if "La Belle Dame Sans Merci" had been written not by Keats but by the author of "Resolution and Independence," what form might it have taken? And out of that thought came this:

A weary man I met upon the meads;
  By the lake's margin, where the sedge was dry,
He walked alone. Attracted to his needs,
  I marked the tear which stood in either eye.
He was well-dressed, and yet—upon my word—
Sadder than was that day, on which there sang
    no bird.

His cheeks were thin, with bristles over-grown,
  And in his eyes there seemed no life at all;
Slowly he moved about, all skin and bone;
  His face I knew, but could not quite recall—
So, drawing near to him, began to say—
"What brings you out on such a miserable day?"

Again I said, since he no answer made—
  "On such a day as this, pray, why abroad?
The harvest from the fields has been conveyed,
  The squirrel's granary with nuts is stored.
Come, tell me who you are; or—if you ail—
What is it, my dear sir, which makes you look
    so pale?"

A wandering answer he began to make;
  And, as I listened, thus did he reply:
"Here in the fields a walk I came to take,
  And met with one who gave me the glad eye—
A lady, very light of foot and fair;
The strangest thing she seemed that ever wore
    long hair.

"I took her up, and set her on my horse:
  Hoof after hoof he raised, and never stopt.
Sideways she sat, which is the way, of course,
  Women when riding usually adopt.
And as she rode she sang a ribald song.
I looked at her, and nothing else saw all day long.

"She gave me roots which had a curious taste;
  I made a floral garland for her head;
With honey wild she hocussed me; her waist
  I wound, and by her loving looks went led.
We talked by glance of eye, and squeeze of hand:
The language that she spoke I could not under-
    stand.

"She took me to a small but shapely grot,
  A place that I had never seen before;
It was quite clean, but comfortable *not*—
  The bed she made for me was on the floor.
Sadly she sighed, and then began to weep:
I kissed her once or twice, and bade her go to
    sleep.

"I also slept; but did not sleep so well,
  Being unaccustomed to the cold hillside;
And all that night I dreamed I was in hell,
  With others that had perished in their pride:
Kings, warriors, princes; they all looked at me
In open-mouthed surprise, as pale as pale could
    be.

"With moral warnings that had come too late,
  'What? you here too?' they cried, and shook
    their heads;
'So you, like us, have shared the common fate
  Of those who did not wisely make their beds,
And woke to weep' I heard them say at last
'Your present partner is a lady with a past.'

"And then I woke to find it was a dream;
  But never since that night have I once spelt;
And all my days are like a dwindling stream,
  That to a stagnant weed-bound marsh has
    crept.
And since you ask me, that is how I ail,
And what it is, dear sir, which makes me look
    so pale."

LAURENCE HOUSMAN

THIS ENGLAND

Prizes are awarded of £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed.
Paste entries on postcard or slip of paper and give details of origin. Address to THIS ENGLAND, 10 Great Turnstile, W.C.1.

Meanwhile shipments are being discharged at ports in Holland and Belgium of meat which should have come here because it is of a quality too good for Continental tastes.—Report in *The Times* of statement by the Imported Meat Trade Association Incorporated. (P. W. Sherwood.)

A Youth Club's application to use a village school for choral classes on Sundays has been turned down on the grounds that "It is the first step towards a Continental Sunday."—*Daily Mirror*. (Mary C. Towler).

In Britain's struggle for survival some of the best names in Debrett have been thrown into the battle for production.—*The People*. (R. Basil Duthie.)

Mr. — of Redditch, applied to Redditch Urban Council for permission to erect a telephone pole in his garden.

The Estates, Baths and Cemeteries Committee, before whom the application was set, decided to defer the matter while they explored the possibility of transferring Mr. Hirst to a house which was adjacent to an existing telephone pole.—*Birmingham Despatch*. (Stephen Brewer).

Christmas cards with a picture printed on them are subject to 100 per cent purchase tax. Cards without a picture on them only pay 33⅓ per cent purchase tax. A piece of mistletoe printed on the card officially counts as a picture (100 per cent. purchase tax), but a piece of holly on the card doesn't count as a picture.—Report in *Carshalton Gazette*. (H. M. Behring.)

LYSENKO AND THE SCIENTISTS

[The author of this article is Professor of Animal Genetics, Edinburgh University.]

LYSENKO'S success in carrying the day at the recent conference of the Academy of Agricultural Sciences in Moscow has caused even more protest outside Russia than his previous triumphs in 1936 and 1939. Biologists, who were shocked at his promotion in 1940 to take over the world-famous laboratory of Vavilov, and profoundly disturbed by the latter's virtual disappearance, followed by incontrovertible death, have discovered that even eight years of second thoughts have not altered the judgment of the Russian authorities as to which side is to be backed. Two very responsible scientists, both Nobel Prize-men, Sir Henry Dale, a physiologist who has been President of the Royal Society, and H. J. Muller, who is a specialist in genetics, the subject under debate, have published dignified letters resigning from the Academy of Sciences of the U.S.S.R. Have these and earlier protests failed because of the sheer wrong-headed credulity of the Soviet authorities, or are there some arguments in Lysenko's favour which seem to them to outweigh or to invalidate what has been advanced against him? I think there are such points; though I also think that the Russians commit an error of judgment in coming to the conclusion that they are of more importance than the criticisms to which Lysenko can be subjected. But until one appreciates the forces which have enabled him to win his battles, there is probably little possibility of checking his triumphant progress.

The protests against Lysenko, from non-Russian countries, have been on three main grounds: that his scientific theories are unconvincing; that the intrusion of political influence into scientific controversy is unjustifiable; and that the treatment meted out to his defeated opponents has included imprisonment and death, which are repugnant to a civilised moral sense in this context. The last of these charges I shall not discuss in any detail, mainly for the simple reason that I cannot discover the facts. We know that Vavilov died fairly shortly after his disgrace; but the Russians won't tell us exactly how he died, and their traditional secrecy, of course, only allows rumour to flourish. Other important geneticists disgraced at the same time we know to be still alive (*e.g.*, Serebrovsky is still a professor at Moscow, though now working on subjects other than genetics). The only case of the execution of a geneticist which seems generally admitted is that of Agol, well before the war; and it is claimed that his crime was Trotzkyism and Ukrainian nationalism rather than genetical heresy. In any case, as this example reminds us, the Russian standard of punishment is very different from our own; and much though we may detest the extermination of heretics, if it occurs at all, it occurs in a much wider field than the scientific. The Russians, of course, state categorically that the acceptance by authors such as Darlington and Fisher of the rumours of torture and death are malicious calumnies; and, whatever the truth of the matter, there is no question that such accusations entirely fail to give the Russians pause.

It is probable that many Western scientists are the more readily disposed to give credence to such stories because they feel that any intrusion of political considerations into scientific controversy is so completely unjustifiable that a system which admits it is capable of anything. Muller, for instance, says that it is "the authoritarian control of science by politicians" which makes the whole matter of so profound a significance. Most people will probably agree. But the fact must be faced that the Russians certainly do not believe that a political influence on science is necessarily an evil. In fact, in many ways their theory is the converse of ours. They think that all activities should consciously be part of an integrated movement of human endeavour, in which all men of goodwill know themselves to be co-operating, and which has a clear logical structure understood by everyone.

It may be that this is a Utopian pipe-dream, demanding too god-like a universality from feeble humanity. But it is not an ideal which can be dismissed out of hand; and those who hold it cannot be checked in their course merely by the accusation that they have allowed political considerations to influence the development of science, or art, or literature. Actually, not even in America would anyone seriously support the total separateness of science and government. Even if we decline to go the whole way with the Communists, we must be prepared to draw distinctions. It is generally accepted that nowadays politics do, and must, exert a considerable influence on the direction of scientific advance through the financial support officially extended in those fields of endeavour which are considered most likely to produce results of social importance. The work supported may be narrowly practical; but we find nothing wrong, indeed much to praise, in the growing tendency for the British Research Councils, for example, to finance comparatively "pure" research fields.

A very important part of the Lysenko controversy is concerned with this generally accepted type of political influence. Some of the most strongly worded accusations against the Mendelians have been that they have failed to produce "useful" results; and it has been argued in detail by Lysenko and his supporters that his leading opponents have directed the work of their institutes into unduly impractical channels. The public successes of Lysenko have consisted largely in the dismissal of scientists who were not only eminent, but, more important in this connection, the officially appointed directors of institutes or executive bodies. One result—unfortunate, one might think—of the integration of the Soviet system is that the scientific academies are not, as with us, bodies whose influence depends solely on the distinction of their members but actual executive organs expending Government funds. The initiation of any policy which necessitates a change of personnel thus inevitably also involves a politically dictated change in a body which is, in its other aspect, academic in character. A similar situation would arise here if the Government Grant Committee were to enforce a policy on the Universities; or the Lord President on the Research Councils.

It is at least arguable that, in a sufficiently grave case of inadequacy, some degree of political pressure would be justifiable. There seems little doubt that Lysenko feels that he is attacking such an inadequacy. Russia is in a tearing hurry to do big things to the whole of her vast area; and, although Mendelian genetics can claim some brilliant successes in applied breeding, there is no denying that its general attitude has been that the problems of agricultural improvement must be tackled on a long-term basis. The most famous Russian endeavour in this field, Vavilov's world collection of wheats and other crops, was definitely planned to throw light on the fundamental problems of breeding rather than immediately to produce varieties with a moderate improvement in yield. If the need was great enough—and only the Soviet planning authorities can judge of that—it might be judged wise to sacrifice this eminently sound long-term plan for a quick but less far-reaching gain.

Political influence in the U.S.S.R., however, has been brought to bear not only on the application of science, but also on the nature and content of scientific theories. Again we have to recognise that in the integrated society which is the Russian's not obviously contemptible ideal, any criticism which could be validly sustained between one individual and another could properly be acted on, after due warning, by the Government. The case for doing so must seem stronger when the accusation is not simply of misinterpretation, but of failure to take account of a point of view which is clearly relevant. If Lysenko's opponents really believed in the kind of genetics he attributes to them, some of the criticisms he has been making for the last fifteen years would get home. Genetics, in its time, has fallen into some of the errors he castigates; but these faults lie at least twenty years in the past, and modern genetics should be able to meet such accusations with equanimity, although the Russian Mendelians have not been able to put up a successful defence, perhaps because of Lysenko's demagogic powers, or because they are really somewhat out of date in their outlook.

The point I wish to make is, of course, not that Lysenko's attack is justified, but that political action based on the criticism of current scientific theories cannot be considered as an isolated phenomenon, and condemned because there is something special about science which exempts it from such control; such action is part of a general social philosophy, and can only be morally judged as such. One may, of course, without condemning the whole system, question the wisdom of a particular course of action; and on any view it must seem rash if, after allowing Lysenkoism and Mendelism to exist side by side for a couple of decades, the Soviet authorities have now decided to put their whole shirt on the former. Yet scientists who demand to be left in peace must ask themselves whether that can be reconciled with their growing insistence on being considered worthy to contribute significantly to decisions on broad matters of policy. Will not the question in fact be decided, not by the arguments of social philosophy, but by the inexorable pressure of facts, in this world in which the ivory tower of the XVIIIth century gentleman scientist has become the logistic headquarters of human advance? The Russians have an arguable (though I do not say convincing) case that the kind of actions they have taken are justifiable. The strength of the arguments against Lysenko lies not in the field of general policy, where there can be legitimate differences of opinion, but in the actual content of his theories and arguments, to which I shall next turn.

C. H. WADDINGTON

(To be concluded.)

PREMATURE BABIES

AT what point in his development is an individual born? Not when the midwife cuts his umbilical cord and affixes his name, written on a piece of strapping, to his ankle. Birth is an incident in development which, in animals, depends on a nice balance between the infant and what will be expected of it. Piglets and foals, which belong originally to nomadic herd-dwelling groups, can walk within a relatively short time after birth; kittens, which would normally be born in a den, arrive in a less finished state; mice, which are subterranean, in an even less finished state still. The fact that man is born rather more mature and rather more recognisable than the infant mouse is offset by his far slower rate of development. The whole course of human behaviour is probably determined by the fact that man is dependent on parental care for five to seven times as long as any other mammal, so that each successive child overlaps the last. This has led to the formation of the family and, from the family, society. The result, in modern cultures, is an organism which is "born" at or after the midpoint of its probable life-span, or, if it is unlucky, never born at all.

At the moment, Western societies contain three kinds of premature baby—those which are physically born, by accident, a few weeks early, and present the fewest problems; those which are never born at all as individuals because their emotional growth is prolonged into a lifelong adolescence; and those which cannot be born as individuals because the ultimate process of birth consists in passing from the standards and rela-

tionships of the family to the social standards and social relationships of a coherent society, and there is nothing into which they can be born. The family womb shrivels up and ejects them—into the world of telephone-exchange society.

In man, the nails are usually well formed at birth, and bony development is fairly well advanced; the final stage of the process of individuation takes place about the fifteenth post-natal year, when the intelligence has reached its full development and the individual begins to adopt and act upon the guidance of his own internal standards instead of those of his parents. This body of standards, most of them unconscious, is a kind of automatic compass. It derives its settings from parental attitudes (far less from parental instruction), from the age and society into which growth is taking place, from the shape which inheritance from within and experience from outside have imposed on the personality, and from the type of personal relationships which the child has experienced. The compass mechanism pushes, pulls and directs conduct; when the patient's actual course is at variance with its setting, he experiences unpleasant feelings of shame and fear which he can occasionally cheat by rationalisation, but can very seldom remove by correcting the instrument.

A launch into a coherent social group is the least painful. We can check our instruments by the average prejudice of our fellows—it is a kind of Greenwich Mean Time; such a society has predictable and stable patterns of belief and acceptance; and its unconscious attitudes, the pre-set controls at the back of the instrument, which the individual as pilot cannot twiddle, are fairly uniform. There are accepted methods by which the individual can deal with the feelings of guilt which he experiences in diverging from his course—he knows his place in society, he knows how to expiate his sins, and they do not settle down into a focus of chronic anxiety. Primitive communities simplify the process of being born by means of a launching ceremony. The individual is tested, his instruments adjusted and synchronised with those of the group. Beforehand he is a child, afterwards he is an adult, and no arguments are admitted.

In our own civilisation it is different. There is no unanimity of attitude, but divergence from certain courses is visited with extreme severity, not by the community, but by the mechanism of the telephone exchange. Moreover, social defects have so far affected the family, the workshop where the instrument develops, that defective mechanism is commoner and commoner, and the defects are self-perpetuating; premature fathers and mothers have premature children. Even radical readjustment of the pre-set controls by individual psychiatry is limited. The pyschiatrist has his own inherent errors.

The commonest instrument errors arise in manufacture. There is the failure of social responsibility, giving us the delinquent; delinquency has many causes, but among them faulty assembly during the years when stable parental attitudes are required is probably the chief. Only societies which provide a strong enough synchronising signal to bring the individual back on to his course can cope with these faults, and produce fewer of them. Our own reacts by withdrawing its assistance altogether, segregating the defective person in the company of others similarly defective, and encouraging him to despise and revolt against the social line of direction. Another fault is that of the instrument which remains connected by an invisible line to the family workshop in which it was set up; it has no autonomous course, because it has been blackmailed into dependence by parental pressure—by moral pressure, not by bullying: bullying cuts the line and may exaggerate the independence of the bullied. Infinitely the most destructive error is that of the instrument which oscillates, which sends out its own signal and pulls or pushes the course of other individuals and of societies into line with its own.

The desire to govern is present in social societies, but it is self-limiting. In our own, it is almost invariably the worst-adjusted instruments which behave in this way—the well-balanced remain on their own courses without any desire to navigate for others. Finally, in the confusion of readings and of courses which results, the unpleasant feeling of guilt and misalignment which is normally a warning of drift becomes chronic, as anxiety and guilt. We cannot follow our instruments because of our environment, we cannot ignore them or check them, and we cannot readjust them without sound standards. Fear becomes a means of government, and we visit our guilt on anyone whose course does not agree with our course, or that laid down by the spurious signals of our management.

Individuals react to this conflict of instructions in various ways—failure to grow up, physical and mental ill-health, a desire to get back out of society into the family and out of the family into the womb, where navigation is not required, and violent projection of their uncertainties against other individuals and other groups. We have reached the point at which remodelling of the family to produce social individuals is increasingly hindered by the effects of asociality upon society. Some workers have taken the line that to readjust the child you must readjust the parent, and the parent can be readjusted only in childhood. This psychological determinism is not justified. Adults can learn, but only by relearning sociality.

In most cases it is the individual who holds out longest. He sets one course for himself as a man, and another for himself as a citizen, and reconciles them by rationalising. He is kind to animals and drops atomic bombs: the first satisfies his own instrument reading, the second satisfies one or another of the external signals, and incidentally helps him to transfer some of his own disquiet and frustration. Or he loves his wife and exterminates the Jews in good conscience; or he disciplines his own child reasonably and writes to the papers advocating bigger floggings for criminals. His own instruments have enough social sense to repudiate impulses which the external signal allows. It is in reinforcing these individual bearings and inculcating responsible disobedience to the jamming and interference of the asocial group attitudes that we begin to see the key to treatment.

ALEX COMFORT

FROM THE CHRONICLES OF MOUSEBRIDGE

[In this story for grown-up children no reference is intended to any living animal.]

AFTER an early life spent in comparative seclusion, Shrew met many celebrities in the course of his public life as Mayor of Mousebridge. That he found some of them a trifle odd was to be expected.

Once, at a dinner, he met Professor Mole, the geologist, Professor Newt, the hydrologist, and Dr. Frog, the eminent phraseologist. Mole was at that time engaged in a very great Project, that of undermining the foundations of the whole earth.

"Do you really think that is a good thing to do?" asked Shrew.

"It is not within the province of the scientist to decide what is good or bad," Mole answered, "but only what can be done."

"But surely," expostulated Shrew, "if you undermine the whole earth—well, *anything* may happen."

"It will be interesting to observe the results," answered Mole. "The manner in which they are applied is the concern of Government, not of Science."

Newt explained very kindly that, owing to the advances made by Science in nutrition and the conquest of disease, the earth's crust would soon become incapable of supporting life because there would be too much life and too little crust. The Mole Project, as he understood it, would ensure that, where the maximum quantity of life which a given area would support was exceeded, that area would automatically and forthwith cease to support it.

"We shall thus be provided," Newt concluded, "with a well-regulated, orderly world whose control will be in the hands of the scientists, instead of a higgledy-piggledy world in which everybody goes his own way and gets under everybody else's feet."

Shrew wanted to say that he would sooner have a world which wasn't liable to cave in under him at any moment, but Mole broke in:

"You are making the mistake, Newt, of trying to see beyond the end of your nose. This will inevitably lead you into mysticism and finally into the Church of England, as it has Frog."

"It is you who are looking beyond the end of my nose now," rejoined Newt.

"The Church of England," put in Dr. Frog, "is the inevitable haven to which the inexorable logic of mysticism leads the convinced agnostic: (a) because——."

Just then the Toast Master rapped his staff on the floor and "prayed silence." Dr. Frog reached resignedly for the nearest magnum of sparkling honey-dew. . . .

Then, at Townmouse's house one evening, Shrew met the Bankvole, who was having a wonderful time with a little creature who seemed to be a fairy, whom Shrew had often noticed at parties. His name was Cowslip. He had a wide grin and ears that seemed to be an extension of it, and everybody seemed to regard him as an amusing fellow who was always ready to do anyone a good turn.

"Oodles and oodles of ooftish!" the Bankvole was hiccuping. "Hunks and chunks and nuggets of fairy gold for the Mousebridge vaults. It comes and it goes—whoosh!"

"But every time it comes and goes, a little bit sticks," Cowslip suggested.

"Thash right! A little bit shtinks—shticks," the Bankvole corrected himself.

B.V., as he was called, was less convivial in the Boardroom of the Mousebridge Bank. He seemed to take a much gloomier view of everything and complained that there weren't enough people out of work. This meant that people wouldn't work hard enough, so they couldn't compete with foreign producers, which meant general poverty and unemployment.

Shrew pointed out that there wasn't any poverty among the fairies, and when they hadn't any work to do they just had fun. B.V.'s hackles—if a vole can be said to have hackles—rose at this. The fairies, he said, were a lot of lazy vagabonds who took the bread out of honest bankvoles' mouths by working for nothing. They lived, he explained, entirely on credit. You couldn't go on living on credit for ever; it wasn't Sound Finance.

B.V. was so put out that he had to revive himself with a stiff drink from a bottle which he took from a cupboard under his desk. Shrew noticed that the label read *Cowslip Wine*.

"What you ought to do, Shrew," said B.V., "is to come with me this afternoon. I'm going to look at one of Cowslip's enterprises. That'll open your eyes."

Shrew was always ready to have his eyes opened, so he went.

There were a great many large cars outside Cowslip's mound when they drove up. B.V. knocked three times with the stump of his cigar, and a door opened in the smooth turf, admitting them to a large comfortable apartment. There they found several old acquaintances, including Sir Isaac Newt, Bullfrog (of Bullfrog and Tadpole) and the two professors, gathered in an atmosphere of large cigars, cowslip wine, backslapping and friendly chaff. The host seemed delighted to see Shrew, poured him out a goblet of wine and stuffed his pockets with cigars with heavy gold bands.

After a while, Cowslip led the way and they all passed down a steep passage and into an office. Here hundreds of little greenish fairies were busily sorting out and checking millions of forms.

Beyond this were a hundred offices, filled with thousands of clerks, all working very hard. And last, but not least, was a bare building, smelling of disinfectant, with a long counter and rows and rows of worried little people sitting on chairs and holding green or yellow cards, while outside was a long queue of hungry-looking people standing in the rain.

The sight of these people made Shrew very depressed, but the Bankvole seemed to regard this department, and in particular the rain, which was specially laid on for the queue, with uncommon satisfaction.

When they left the "exchange," as it was called, they passed through innumerable factories and workshops lit by the glare of furnaces and the white light of fountains of sparks and snake-like coils of molten metal, which caused the workers' faces, despite the grime, to show up pallidly green.

Finally, on the conducted tour, they went down Cowslip's coal mine.

"What do you think of that? Isn't it wonderful?" asked Cowslip at Shrew's elbow.

"I don't think it can be very wonderful for those people down here," Shrew answered doubtfully.

"So what?" answered Cowslip. "Why should I worry? You got money, you get coal; you don't got no money, you don't get no coal. So you might as well dig for money and leave the other mugs to dig for coal. What's the difference?"

Shrew couldn't think what the difference was just then, so he didn't answer.

"Well, Shrew," said B.V. as they left Cowslip's mound at last, "I hope you understand a bit more about business now."

"I'm not sure that I do," answered Shrew. "I think there are lots of things about it that I shall never understand."

"For instance?" queried Bankvole.

"Well, I don't understand why they have one office that levies a tax on peanuts and another which pays a subsidy on them, an office of the Pixie Peanut Company which pays the tax and collects the subsidy, and an advertising department to persuade people only to buy Pixie peanuts, but to buy less of them; especially as there aren't any other brands of peanuts and they are rationed anyway."

"Ah!" said B.V. "I'm afraid you don't understand about government, either."

"You're quite right," said Shrew. "If that's government, I certainly don't."

Shrew had not been home long, and had just put on his dressing gown and slippers and settled down on the sofa with a pot of tea and two aspirins when Batty fluttered in and hung from the hook in the ceiling which Shrew had put there specially for him.

"What's this about you hob-nobbing with the Unfairies?" he inquired severely. "It's all over Mousebridge already."

Shrew sat bolt upright with a start.

"*Un*fairies?" he exclaimed. "So that's who they are! Who is that Cowslip fellow, then?"

Batty shrugged. "Hob or Gob or Rob—what's the difference?"

Shrew thought this over for a while, then he got up, went over to his coat, which hung on the back of a chair, and emptied all the cigars out of his pockets into a heap on the floor.

"What are you going to do with those?" Batty asked.

"I'm going to put them in the dustbin, gold bands and all," Shrew answered.

"Gold bands, old chap?" said Batty. "Whatever are you talking about? There aren't any gold bands."

Shrew groped in his pockets again. "Well, I never!" he exclaimed. "They've disappeared. That's odd!"

"Unfairy gold!" he muttered, as he settled down sleepily on the sofa again. "I wonder how much of that stuff B.V. thinks he has in his vaults."

CHARLES ESAM-CARTER

JACK AND THE GROUNDNUTS

Sagittarius's Christmas Panto

Jack ..... John Strachey
Dame Ducks (his mother) Dr. Edith Summerskill
The Witch ..... Lord Woolton
The Fairy Margarine ..... Herbert Morrison
Santa ..... Sir Stafford Cripps
Witch-doctor ..... Sir John Boyd Orr
Ministers, Celebrities, Business Men, etc.

PROLOGUE.

Our Cabinet present, in song and rhyme,
Our Government's Fourth Annual Pantomime—
Clean entertainment, blended with instruction,
The Labour Party's nuttiest production.

SCENE ONE.

The Curtain rises on an all-Party soft-drink bottle party in the Palace of Westminster.

DAME (*Leading out Santa in the Fabian Barn Dance*): Up the middle and down again, girls and boys! They say this is going to be a Black Christmas . . .

TORY M.P.: You're telling us!

DAME: But although the outlook is gloomy, the Food Ministry earnestly trusts you will partake of the beano in high Party spirits.

TORY M.P.: Spirits? I haven't seen any.

WINSTON: Our spirits are scotched.

TORY M.P.: Who said Scotch? The Yanks have got our Scotch.

GALLAGHER: Shame!

TORY M.P.: I understand that the U.S. distillers are now making rye whiskey and selling it as Scotch. Can any Minister inform me whether, if so, rye may be imported to this dry land?

SANTA: It would not be in the public interest.

LONDON SCOTTISH M.P.s:

Gin a body meet a bottle filled with Yankee rye,
Gin a body crack a bottle, need a body cry?
Ilka drappie mak's mon happy, when a mon is dry,
An' gin I canna get the Scotch, I'll e'en mak' do wi' rye.
So gie's your rye, by trusty frien' an' I'll ship Scotch o' mine,
An' we'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet for the sake of auld lang syne!
A drink's drink for a' that, mon, an' what the waur am I?
The Yankee is my darling since he's coming through wi' rye!

DAME: Now queue up, girls and boys, for your Christmas bonus.

THE WITCH: Pooh, what's that? Only a third of a sausage.

TORY M.P.: Why is the Minister not present to answer questions?

(*Jack enters at a run, facing the music.*)

JACK: Listen, everyone!—I can promise you a jolly good blow-out next Christmas. It's the great groundnut scheme.

THE WITCH: So it's nuts now, is it?

JACK: Nuturally. Once upon a time there was a place called Tongwa, abounding in potential nutriment.

WOOLTON: No fairy tales. We want facts and figures.

JACK: Not in the public interest . . .

GALLAGHER: Iron curtain in Tongwa!

JACK: They want proof, Ducks—they shall have it. I'll go to Tongwa now, myself, and bring back a nut feast.

FAIRY MARGARINE: The magic carpet awaits you.

(*Jack takes off on B.O.A.C. utility magic felt.*)

LABOUR M.P.S:

Come, turn up the gas-ring and polish the pan,
He's gathering groundnuts as fast as he can!
So down with the killjoys and on with the spree!
Three cheers for the Member for Bonnie Dundee!

(*Curtain.*)

SCENE TWO.

Behind the iron curtain in Tongwa. Two business men, of the Overseas Food Corporation, X and Y, knocking back sundowners on the stoep. The Witch, disguised as a tsetse fly, drops down between them.

X: Swot that fly!

WITCH (*resuming her natural shape*): Take care! The M.O.F. is on your trail. My incompetent successor is flying hither to inspect the nuts.

Y: But we ain't got no nuts. All the same, thanks for the warning.

WITCH (*playfully*): Nut at all; (*gleefully*) the fewer the better. Remember, once you show efficiency, nuts will be nationalised.

X: We're in a spot. We haven't lost that twelve million pounds yet.

Y: Yes, The O.F.C. must pull up its socks. The B.O.A.C. blued twice as much in half the time.

WITCH: Look out, here he comes.

(*Jack and Fairy enter on magic felt.*)

JACK: How do, chaps? Any nuts?

Y: We've got a nice little plot here.

JACK: I'd like to confer with a working party.

X: O you mean Sambo. (*calls*) Sambo!

(*A woolly-headed agricultural labourer enters.*)

SAMBO: Yes, Baas.

JACK: Tell me how you are progressing with the new mechanised techniques of nut production?

SAMBO: Not so hot, baas. But me know witch doctor raise plenty nuts. Him over there, topside down.

JACK: I'll talk to him. Hey! (A tall, spare figure enters and stands, waving his eyebrows fiercely.) I say, witch-doctor, what's your prescription?

W. DOC.: Sunflowers.

X: Sunflowers my foot! You told us nuts.

JACK: All right, I'll have both. But I want 'em quick, for the party.

Y: Come back next cropping season.

W. DOC.: No such thing. Watch me. (*He digs and plants a seed. Immediately a six-foot sunflower shoots up.*)

JACK: Wizard! (*to X and Y*) You see that? Over to sunflowers now.

X: We can't do that all of a sudden.

W. DOC.: Rubbish.

JACK (*seeing Fairy in tears*): What's up, Marge?

FAIRY: O Jack, I can't find enough nuts for fair shares. What shall I do?

JACK: Cheer up. I've got something better. Look!

FAIRY: Can you make marge of sunflowers?

JACK: Marge is better than butter, you know; flower-fat's better than marge.

FAIRY: But we *did* promise marge.

JACK: Look—by planting half and half nuts and flowers we get more marge in the end.

FAIRY: All right. I've always stuck by you and I won't let you down now. (*Sings.*)

Believe me, if all those nutritional nuts
Will never come out of the ground,
I will not complain of the margarine cuts
If a substitute fat can be found.
Since the sunflower processed by chemical art
Can serve alimentary needs
I will plant a new hope in the housekeeper's heart.
Twined round edible sunflower seeds.
By rotation of groundnuts with sunflower crops
The ration of fats will not fail,
And housewives from nuts turn to sunflower tops
As they turned from the lamb to the whale.

JACK: Thank you, Fairy. And now, all aboard for Westminster again.

(*Curtain.*)

SCENE THREE.

The Palace of Westminster. Carol singers are heard outside.

As good men searched the kerb by night
For fag ends on the ground,
Black birds changed hands by lantern light
At fifteen bob a pound.

DAME DUCKS: There's midnight striking. Jack must be back soon.

TORY M.P.: Anything more to eat?

SANTA (*firmly*): Not a sausage.

TORY M.P.: I'm going to find a contact man.

WINSTON: Never was so little shared among so many.

SANTA: There will be a modest abundance in 1952.

WINSTON: It is not given to us to peer into the mysteries of the future.

DAME: Listen! The magic carpet is returning. Now there will be plenty for everybody.
(The magic felt descends through the roof. Jack wears a buttonhole of sunflowers.)
FAIRY: Watch me.
(She waves her wand. The Hall is instantly transformed into a bower of sunflowers. The Kitchen Committee enter with tables groaning with nutty fare.)
DAME: Here is your beano at last boys and girls! Savoury sunflower, Tanganyika Toast, Nut turnover, sunflower surprise, peanut pancakes,
Stuffed leaves with nut cutlets bordered
This is what the doctor ordered!
SANTA: Nut cutlets! Smashing!
M.P.s:
Now it's up with the ration, and off with the cuts,
We need not ask Santa for dollars for nuts,
Nut kernels are tough, but our dentures are free!
Three cheers for the Member for Bonnie Dundee!
(Big Ben strikes thirteen amid sounds of rejoicing.)

The Arts and Entertainment

RADIO NOTES

THE end of the current broadcasting term gives me the opportunity to comment on two or three regular programmes the merits or demerits of which one tends to take for granted but which are important because of the purposes they have in view. Those I have specifically in mind are *Progress Report*, *Focus* and *Meet the People*. *Progress Report*, the weightiest of them, I have found much more satisfying than I did last session, mainly because it has become much less exhortatory and nagging: now it button-holes us whereas once it bellowed at us. Again, the theme is now Western European recovery as a whole and not simply British, and this means that there is much more scope in the programme for variety both of voices and of material. Mr. Graham Hutton, indefatigably persuasive, a master of exposition, remains the backbone of the programme; if the facts of the economic situation are more generally appreciated to-day than they were a year ago, much of the credit must surely go to him. But, from its very terms of reference, if the basic material for an edition is dull, then, no matter how expert the presentation, the edition also will be dull. Thus I found myself quite unable to listen to the programme on transport. On the other hand, *The European Pay-Packet*, in which Mr. Hutton discussed wages with representative British, French, Italian and Swedish workers, could scarcely have been livelier; and the final edition, *European Recovery: Taking Stock*, was almost as good.

The *Focus* series, perhaps because there is no regular team of producer and script-writer, fluctuates enormously in quality. By any standard the recent *Focus on Food* was an important programme, for it was a vehicle for the views of Sir John Boyd Orr, who appeared as narrator; and Sir John is always an impressive broadcaster, not only because of his great knowledge of his subject but also because of the passion, single-mindedness and humanity which inform it. But last week's *Focus on* 999 I found embarrassing; the word to describe it is, I believe, corny. It sounded as though it had been clumsily put together from a number of recordings of outside broadcasts taken out of the library in a hurry. It was grimly repetitive, and the funny characters, put in, I suppose, to enliven a programme which one would have thought dramatic enough in theme not to need such adventitious aids, were grimly unfunny.

Potentially, the most interesting of these journalistic programmes seems to me *Meet the People*. The basic idea, to present the lives of ordinary citizens who may be taken as representative, is excellent; but so far performance has lagged far behind intention. The documentary episodes are often good; the weakness is in the dramatic representation of the subject's life. It seems to me plain that to handle the humdrum, unexciting careers of the schoolmasters, tailors, innkeepers, crofters and so on who have been thus far presented, requires the literary skill of a first-rate novelist or playwright; and there have been no signs of this at all. In *Have a Go* Mr. Wilfred Pickles, in many ways the most remarkable figure in broadcasting to-day, will bring out the essence of the character of the person he is interviewing in thirty seconds where *Meet the People*, a half-hour programme, completely fails. But that the lives of ordinary people can be presented successfully in radio-dramatic terms was shown last week in a brilliant little programme from West Region called *The School on the Moor*. Mr. Acton-Bond, who edited and produced this re-creation through recordings of a day in the life of a school of twenty-six children on Bodmin Moor, presented by implication a whole community; and by cutting from time to time to the reminiscences of two old ladies who were children at the same school more than seventy years ago he added to the programme a most moving effect of poetry. *The School on the Moor* reinforces my opinion that there is no more interesting talent working in pure radio than Mr. Acton-Bond.

WILLIAM SALTER

THE MOVIES

"Johnny Belinda," at Warner's
"Once a Jolly Swagman," at the New Gallery

The first minutes of *Johnny Belinda* open our eyes to a remote fishing village in Nova Scotia: rocky coast and bare lands, a scattering of shacks, a bleak kirk on an even bleaker hill; then the harbour is filled with little boats, the quayside comes to life, and shouting men handle crates of slippery fish. This (beautifully filmed, by the way) is as good a beginning as any film could well have, for besides taking its header into reality it has still to strike out on its own. The film may, of course, go on as it has begun; and personally I should have been content, after these opening shots, to follow fact all the way. But there are other possibilities. Out of documentary, but in keeping with it, may emerge drama; or promises can be flung to the winds and the wildest fancy indulged, to be brought back now and then with the snap of elastic. *Johnny Belinda* manages, in varying degrees, to encompass all three developments.

Its documentary material is everywhere first-rate. The hauls and the nets spread on verandas, the church-going, the lonely buggy rides along the coast, the mill worked by oxen, the fish-gutting and hand-ploughing, and the bagpipers in a neighbouring town, make a clear and bitter impression. And the people seem right; the doctor who has to attend on cows never gets paid, everyone is in debt to the fat vindictive store-keeper, and the miller's deaf-and-dumb child grows up like an animal to be raped by a lusty fisherman. Miss Jane Wyman gives a remarkable performance in this latter part, learning to communicate and think before our eyes, and quite putting into the shade any memories of Miss Maguire's dumb heroine or Mlle Morgan's blind walk in the snows. Her instructor is Mr. Lew Ayres, pleasantly preoccupied with his task, and such players as Charles Bickford and Agnes Moorehead impose themselves with the conviction we might expect. Until, that is to say, this film with awful temptations in its path finally decides to go the whole hog. Then the parrot chorus of gossips comes into its own, wrestlers hang over cliffs, mist encourages second sight, the villain obligingly gives himself away and then repeats the effect, vice and virtue divide in the lobbies, and Miss Wyman has to show that she can point dramatically, shoot straight, and come out of a murder trial head high and with open arms. Was it all there from the start? Not necessarily at all, though to an experienced eye the gossips boded ill and the music had a way of tripping in time as the heroine ran over a bridge. But with a little restraint and little less plot the director, Jean Negulesco might have made a film at least as good as *Symphonie Pastorale*, which also, it will be remembered, slid into melodrama.

The dirt-track world of *Once a Jolly Swagman* may appear to some of us no less remote than Nova Scotia. Here again comes the documentary promise; and a vivid and grating spectacle the arena offers with its arc lights, trumpets, parade of stretcher bearers, howling mobs, death crashes, big dividends and men too old at thirty. These scenes thrill irresistibly, with a strong suggestion that its hardly cricket. Messrs. Dirk Bogarde, Bonar Colleano, and Bill Owen—the flash, the feckless, and the finished—make a convincing trio, but the film, directed by Jack Lee, is not content to rest there. It wanders off into Trade Unionism and romance, the International Brigade and the war; and that, one can't help feeling, is quite a number of other stories.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

"Schwanda the Bagpiper," at Sadler's Wells

Popular tunes, farcical situations, a comic Devil, a few touches of sentiment and lashings of ballet; it is easy to see why Sadler's Wells chose Weinberger's peasant opera as its Grand Christmas Attraction. After its 1927 production in Prague, *Schwanda* swept the German stages and became the most popular novelty of its day: a fact which shows how widely the need is felt for gaiety and tunefulness in the over-solemn world of modern opera. The music consists of "near folk-tunes"—à la Smetana—garnished with sophisticated harmony and highly-spiced orchestration; with a large stage, a lavish orchestra, and singers like Piccaver and Richard Mayr in the cast, its success was inevitable. To balance their modest complement of strings, Sadler's Wells have toned down the over-strenuous wind parts, but the result is only to make the big moments of the score sound scraggy and to expose ruthlessly the poverty of the remainder. Dennis Arundell as producer worked hard to impart vivacity to slow-motion jokes; Pauline Grant's choreography is so full of fussy detail that the dances never achieve the irrestible swing which is their main point; Michael Whittaker's sets are passable, but Una Simmons' dresses are a tasteless medley of all colours and styles. Under James Robertson the thoroughly rehearsed score went as well as his resources allowed; Marjorie Shires was a charming light-weight heroine, Gerald Davies, a very gentle robber chief and Roderick Jones a strapping Schwanda, with an occasional tendency to shout. Best of the singers was Howell Glynne who almost persuaded us, poor Devil, that the music he had to sing was worthy of his voice and the pranks he had to play as good as his richly humorous personality. After *Boccanegra*, *Schwanda* comes as a disappointment to the musical; but Sadler's Wells cannot afford to be too fastidious, and may, perhaps, have scored another box-office success.

"September Tide," at the Aldwych

The daughter brings home her new husband, an artist ten years older than herself, and he is introduced now for the first time to her youthful mother. The daughter is childish, the mother fascinating and unawakened, and so, behind the daughter's back, mother and son-in-law fall in love. Imagine this theme among the dunes of the Mauriac country, harrowing us with pity and terror and pressing on the nerves of passion. Or you might imagine it in some Eugene O'Neill State, with the corn running to waste outside and sticky lust fomenting in the farmhouse kitchen. What is strictly unimaginable is this theme handled by the author of *Rebecca* on one of her off days, set in a Cornish house, all beams and chintzes, overlooking the Yacht Club basin. Miss du Maurier commonly manages to beguile us into her daydreams, but in *September Tide* she has failed to do even that. She has lifted every cliché from the box and solemnly fitted them together, each to each. It is sad that Miss Gertrude Lawrence has had to return to us in so poor a piece. What can be done she does, with a perfection and lightness of touch that almost makes it worth while to sit through. Mr. Michael Gough, obviously one of our coming young actors, manages to make his artist credible as an artist, and this is quite a feat considering that the author effectively prevents him being credible as a person. Indeed, the play is well-cast, well-acted and well-produced. But what a waste! As if Dame Myra Hess had devoted her talents to a version of "In A Monastery Garden" arranged for piano quintet by Charlie Kunz.

Correspondence

THEATRE LEADERSHIP

SIR,—While not necessarily disagreeing with all Mr. Worsley's remarks about "leadership" in our Theatre, I should like to challenge the attitude of mind revealed by those remarks. Mr. Worsley appears to assume that the vitality of the Theatre depends upon some star performer, of the actor-manager type that dominated the English Theatre throughout most of the 19th Century. Here, in my view, he is wrong. Theatrical history shows us that in all countries the Theatre has had most vitality and influence when it has succeeded in producing fine original new work, acted by exceptionally good teams of players, whether they were Dubliners acting Synge or Muscovites acting Chehov. We are all ready to welcome Sir Laurence Olivier's *Richard III* or Mr. Gielgud's *Prospero*, but the fact remains that this is not how theatrical history has been made. Writing, production and acting of originality and integrity are what is needed; and the kind of organisation, which would undoubtedly have to be subsidised at first, that would make an adequate framework for the severe effort such writing, production and acting would demand. Thus we need, as I pointed out in *Theatre Outlook*, at least two first-class repertory companies organised to produce new plays and to find and train players capable of acting such plays as well as they can be acted, companies that would not have to be afraid of those experiments that are now so costly because most dramatic critics here dislike them. Possibly the plays most of us write are not good enough, but they might be a little better if we had not to spend so much time and energy in the heart-breaking struggle with the present appalling economic conditions in the Theatre. Furthermore, these new companies could be partly subsidised by royalties being imposed on the production of non-copyright plays. (Shakespeare is not only our greatest dramatist but also our biggest blackleg. If he suddenly returned to demand ten per cent. of the gross, there would be some equally sudden changes in production plans). It is a good thing when dramatic critics make some general observations on the Theatre, but I wish Mr. Worsley had given his a sounder basis.

Isle of Wight. J. B. PRIESTLEY

MICHAEL ROBERTS

SIR,—Michael Roberts, who died last week at the age of forty-six, combined qualities which it will not be easy to find again. Had he lived, he would surely have been one of those whose voices would have been heard during the difficult years to come. Although he had published nothing since *The Recovery of the West* (1941) it was always his intention to return to writing after the war, and at the time of his death he had almost completed an important work on *The Estate of Man*, an assessment of the world's material and moral resources.

Michael Roberts' field of knowledge was a wide one. At Cambridge he took his degree in mathematics, and in 1934 he published a book on *Newton and the Origin of Colours*. The history of science, including witchcraft, was occupying his thoughts at the time when he was bringing out in quick succession a series of anthologies that made history in the world of poetry. *New Signatures* (1932) and *New Country* (1933) contained unpublished poems by young poets, then little known, who have since become famous—Auden, Spender, Empson and Day Lewis among the rest. These anthologies crystallised a new poetic vision and style that has since become dominant. Michael Roberts' own *Poems* (1936) and *Orion Marches* (1939) have a strength and simplicity arising from maturity of thought and control of emotion that will assure him an honourable place among England's minor poets.

But it is perhaps in his philosophic criticism that we find at its best Michael Roberts' unique combination of the scientific and the poetic gifts, of humour and the true masculine zest for argument. His *Critique of Poetry* (1934), *The Modern Mind* (1937), T. E. Hulme (1938) and *The Recovery of the West*, develop a vigorous anti-romanticism in literary and political issues, that belongs very much to what we may in retrospect call the period of T. S. Eliot. Michael Roberts advocated a forward-looking traditionalism, a wise hesitance in disposing of existing customs and institutions. But for him it was the future that mattered. He was among the minority, before the war, that was pessimistic about the immediate outlook. He was, after the war, again in the minority (a position he always enjoyed), this time of those who were not carried away by the prevalent vogue of despair. The intuition of the poet, supported by the hard-hitting arguments of the scientist and philosopher, gave his writings on social problems something of the quality of immediacy combined with philosophic permanence that characterises the works of Hobbes and Locke. They will perhaps stand as a record of a time and a way of thought. But it is now that we can ill spare a man and a writer of such wisdom, courage, and, in the most Roman sense, of virtue.

I was not one of those who knew Michael in the Alps. He was a born leader, and the qualities that made him, twenty years ago, take the lead in a literary movement, also made him, so I am told, the perfect leader of the climbing-parties of schoolboys and students whom he introduced to mountains as he had introduced others to poets and philosophers. With Michael in the lead, one always felt safe. I recollect a day two summers ago when he and I took a wet but resolute party of his and my children up Helvellyn—one of those days when clouds, hail, and blackness swirl about the summit. "Just look over, K, and see if you can see Striding Edge," Michael said. I could not. But Michael's quiet figure, uncoiling the rope, reassured us all. We followed him down into the wet mist, and there, of course, we found Striding Edge. With Michael, one never imagined that it could be otherwise. KATHLEEN RAINE

THE MISSING WITNESS

SIR,—Comment on the proceedings at Church House must, I know, be guarded, but I feel bound to pass on a protest made by my old friend Colonel Bogus. "Boojum" Bogus, if you remember, Sir, made his first appearance in your columns eight years ago, Leader of the Ritzkrieg, but himself of obscure origin ("happy is the man that has no history," he used to say) Bogus would take Cabinet Ministers to lunch at his favourite restaurants, the *Foire Noire* and *Crayon Bleu*, in the days when he played war-contract bridge and monopoly. Later in the war, he turned from his Tory friends, remarking "Socialism must become the social 'ism'" and writing in his book of maxims "Buy up the Left to-day—beat up the Left tomorrow." In 1943 he was quoted as saying "People who live in glass houses shouldn't throw parties."

Colonel Bogus is, of course, annoyed that he has not been called as a witness by the Lynskey Tribunal, seeing that he was chief witness at the Barsley Tribunal, and has been told by his friends that his pictures show him to have a "Tribunal face." But he is, in fact, in retirement. His career ended four years ago, and he lives quietly at his roadhouse, "Tangled Web," Blackmarket, guarding his turkeys.

I feel it is only fair to point out, in case any of your readers are surprised at the revelations of the present Tribunal, that many of the methods of the "chicken-feed" school were demonstrated years ago by Colonel Bogus himself, and that he was the central figure of a satire which might have been taken more seriously in certain quarters. What particularly upset the Colonel was the fact that the chief witness at Church House had, according to a newspaper report, never heard of the word "bogus" which had to be interpreted for him by the Attorney General. "Out of print, out of mind," he remarked, with a flash of that old wit which used to delight his friends, Sir Maximus Merger and Lord Woolfskin, at the Cartel Club.

S.W.19. MICHAEL BARSLEY.

FROM 3rd JANUARY

YOU CAN GET 'THE TIMES' EVERY DAY

Place an order with your usual bookstall or newsagent. *The Times* is the authoritative, accurate daily newspaper to which all classes of thoughtful people instinctively turn.

The Easy Way
TO INVEST MONEY

Buy National Savings Certificates the Bank way—it is simple, automatic and without any additional charge to you. You just sign the special Banker's Order form which your Bank Manager can now give you, authorising either a single purchase of National Savings Certificates, or a regular monthly investment. That is all you have to do—and with a stroke of the pen you will have helped to secure your own future, and your country's prosperity.

You can now hold 1,000 10/- units of the new Certificate, and in ten years this £500 will have grown to £650 free of tax. Secure for yourself this profitable gilt-edged investment by calling on your Bank Manager.

SAVE—
The Bank Way

Issued by the National Savings Committee

Company Meeting

HARRISONS & CROSFIELD

A STRONG POSITION.

At the annual general meeting of Harrisons & Crosfield, Ltd., held in London on Dec. 21st, the Chairman, Mr. Eric Miller, reviewed the balance sheet and accounts which showed that the available profit for the year amounted to £603,213, the highest figure recorded in the company's 40-years' existence. Provision for income tax and profits tax in the U.K. alone absorbs £344,730.

In the Consolidated balance-sheet Revenue Reserves and Undistributed Profits stand at over £1,500,000. Sundry Stocks £1,632,000 and Sundry Debtors and Bills Receivable £3,306,000, give an indication of the wider trading activities of the organisation as a whole.

Mr. Miller gave his usual review of conditions in the territories where the company is established overseas and of the position in the Tea and Rubber producing industries. Of the latter he said: "I refuse to take a pessimistic view of its future progress in the service of mankind." In his tribute to the whole staff he said: "Without their talented and loyal co-operation we could not be presenting accounts which give so much cause for thankful satisfaction. We have indeed first-class teams representing us in many territories, and may well be proud of the manner in which they are upholding the best traditions of our race."

The report was adopted and a final dividend of 20 per cent. (making 25 per cent. for the year) on the Deferred Ordinary Stock was approved.

At the ensuing Extraordinary General Meeting, Special resolutions were passed with reference to age limit and provision of pensions for directors.

STATE PUBS

SIR,—You say that the 1931 Royal Commission found that "State management had not offered the customary inducements to the customer to drink more than he wanted or intended," and you appear to think that this finding is of contemporary application. The general experience in pubs to-day is that, if one can elbow one's way to the bar, it remains very difficult to distract the presiding goddess from her conference with the few customers she deigns to recognise. It is a question whether a concentrated imploring gaze, or loud shouting and banging, is the more certain to produce negative results. If and when either method is eventually successful, one is left in no doubt of being an unwelcome intruder.

Post offices are not celebrated for their "inducements" to purchase, but the chances here are better than in pubs. Many of your readers would be grateful for a list of pubs that offer "inducements."

43 Belsize Park, N.W.3. H. E. BOURNE

SIR,—Maurice Edelman is unjust to those of us who like State monopoly of pubs in new towns only a little more than we like a brewers' monopoly. He says that we "broke ranks and fled." I, for one, was never in the ranks on this issue. I have consistently opposed the Bill since I first studied it in detail, which was before all the agitation started.

House of Commons, S.W.1. P. ASTERLEY JONES.

KAFKA

SIR,—May I ask A. S. Neill why a sick man should not also be a genius, and why the personally written case-history of a "very neurotic anti-life man" should not be literature. De Quincey's *Confessions of an English Opium-Eater* is generally admitted to be that, and though *Kubla Khan* is reputed to have been written under the influence of opium, no one has yet suggested that its proper place is in a doctor's note-book. *The Trial* is a greater work than either because the neurosis from which it sprang is far more universal than opium-eating.

The guilt feelings of Kafka's hero may be Onanic in origin, but that does not alter the fact that there is something in his sickness, which is universal, and something in his haunting, desperate anxiety which we who are not sated with Stekel can recognise as the vast echo of our own uneasy twinges of conscience. In K's abnormality is reflected the quirks and oddities which streak our own normality. The layman can find no point of contact between himself and the subjects of an analysts case-book, but he can find a kinship between himself and K. For that reason alone, *The Trial* is literature. Whether it is also a work of genius is another matter; it is certainly more than a clinical case-history. FRANK CARPENTER

192 Warley Hill,
Brentwood.

SOVIET SCIENCE

SIR,—A few weeks ago Critic directed the attention of Professor Bernal and myself to an article in *Literaturnaya Gazeta* on quantum physics, and suggested, not without a touch of malicious glee, that it might put us on the mathematical and physical spot, as Haldane is presumed to be on the biological spot. If this is expected to mark the extension of the present biological warfare on the Lysenko front to open atomic warfare, I fear Critic will be disappointed. I have looked up the article. It is mainly a critique of the Eddington *mystique* that sought to associate the antics of the electron with freewill, and that professed to believe that the laws of nature could be deduced mathematically from first principles. As most British scientists are materialist enough to agree with the Soviet scientists on this matter, I am afraid Critic will not succeed in squeezing any anti-Soviet juice out of this lemon.

May I express the hope that, should it transpire that Lysenko has actually found something, Critic will show himself equally concerned to take the lead in demanding that the experts in genetics, lay and otherwise, who have been enjoying the witch-hunt, should appear publicly in sackcloth and ashes? All recantations seem to be of the Soviet sort. Are we never wrong? Not many British scientists had the courage to repudiate the Eddington *mystique* when it occurred. HYMAN LEVY

Imperial College of Science
and Technology,
Exhibition Road, S.W.7.

EDUCATIONAL PRIVILEGE

SIR,—My friend Alan Hill, in your last issue, says, "It is only too probable that advanced work in the State schools is inferior to that in the public schools." The Grammar school in which I am teaching now (440 boys and girls) shows but little advance in facilities over the one which I left as a pupil in 1926.

There is no reference library worth speaking of and the sixth form wander round the school in free study periods looking for a room in which to work. Members of staff who teach advanced pupils have to try to atone for the lack of collected editions of poetry, standard works of criticism and reference, by dictating notes distilled from their own books and those which they can borrow from the County Library. Sixth form pupils at all stages are taught simultaneously and the master or mistress who teaches them is also burdened with a good deal of middle-school work.

If every Grammar school in the land were compelled to have a good library, the rest would not matter so much. FRED ANDERSON

23 New Road, Lymm,
Nr. Warrington.

ARTIFICIAL INSEMINATION

SIR,—I fully agree with Critic that artificial insemination of a married woman in order to fulfil her burning desire for a child of her own flesh and blood should no longer be denied full legal recognition. It should, however, not be overlooked that Artificial Insemination by a Donor concerns exclusively those cases of childlessness which are caused by the infertility of the husband, regardless of whether he is sexually potent or not.

The situation is quite different where Artificial Insemination by the Husband (A.I.H.) is concerned. In the preponderant number of such cases childlessness originates from the husband's impotence. In these cases the public ought to be enlightened that A.I. is not the first and only redress, and that the highly justifiable wish to have children must not lead to neglecting treatment of the husband's impotence which quite often can be successfully dealt with. To neglect this chance—and here I disagree with Critic who does not see "much legal, social or even psychological difficulty"—would involve a severe disparagement of the husband's personal dignity and self-esteem and, at the same time, greatly imperil the marital harmony.

Therefore, A.I.H. should only be considered if and when *all* other methods of treatment, such as Psychotherapy, Hormonotherapy and the recently introduced Mechanotherapy have been given a chance. M.D.

"LA VIE INTIME"

SIR,—The Managing Director of *Europe-Amérique*, in his letter published in your issue of December 4th, implies that I "concluded arrangements with Press Agencies," and says that he bought *La Vie Intime de Staline* from one of them, "International News Alliance," which was "distributing" my work. I never signed any agreement with "International News Alliance" and had never even heard of them. Therefore I still do not know on what basis and authority I am represented as the "principal author" of a work I had never written and had never even heard of until I bought a copy of the magazine on a bookstall in Paris. ALEXANDER WERTH

Prague.

More elbow-room for New writers!

The Government release of more paper means more space for stories and articles. If you have the urge to make writing a spare-time hobby—to supplement your income or for pleasure—now is your chance!

The London School of Journalism will help you to GET INTO PRINT. You will work with an expert coach who will teach you *personally* and *individually* by post... show you the ropes, teach you how to shape your work to the right markets, save you time, expense and disappointment.

The L.S.J. courses are Short Story, Journalism, Poetry, Radio Plays, English Literature (by L. A. G. Strong) and English History (by J. Hampden Jackson). The only School of Journalism under the patronage of leading newspaper proprietors.

REDUCED FEES. Free Book from:
Prospectus Office
LONDON SCHOOL OF JOURNALISM
57 Gordon Sq., London, W.C.1. Museum 4574

Don't be a Magpie with scrap! Don't let it settle down to rust away in the work's yard. Get on to your scrap merchant to get it off the premises. For the sake of the whole national effort turn in *everything* redundant—the sooner it's in the scrap merchant's hands the quicker it can be turned into the tools and machines the nation needs.

This appeal is directed to works only. Transport and other facilities may make it possible to widen this later to cover household and other light iron and steel scrap.

Chase THAT SCRAP!
BRITISH IRON & STEEL
ISSUED BY THE BRITISH IRON AND STEEL FEDERATION

What, another new suit?

No, just a suit that *looks* new, thanks to University Tailors "Care of Clothes by Subscription" Service. Let us collect your clothes for dust-freeing, stain removing, minor renovations, re-shaping and tailor pressing every week, fortnight or month. We are also experts in TURNING GARMENTS.

Annual Subscriptions:
Weekly Service 20 gns. Fortnightly 11 gns. Monthly 6 gns. *Garments returned within one week unless major repairs required.*

UNIVERSITY TAILORS LTD
London, S.W.8

Please forward full particulars of The Care of Clothes by Subscription.
If previous subscriber tick here.....
Name.....
Address.....
SUT-1 S.N.33

BOOKS IN GENERAL

I DOUBT whether Charles Kingsley often read with pleasure save by a faithful few who came to love him in lamp-lit Victorian nurseries; and if he continues to seem of any importance, it is as a figure prominent in his time. Though it is not long since an American scholar, Mrs. Thorp, produced an admirable book about him, Dame Una Pope-Hennessy has unearthed rich new material for her biography,* and I recommend readers not to be put off by the waywardness of her grammar and style. Whereas most of us as we grow older become more particular about our use of words, Dame Una—who now has eleven books to her credit—remains blessedly unaware of even the most notorious traps against which Fowler and Mr. Eric Partridge have warned writers of English. Such indeed is the insouciance with which she approaches her task that she never tells us the year of Kingsley's birth, and gets wrong the year of his death. The other factual slips that I have noticed are few and unimportant, though she greatly overrates his present popularity with the young. Out of fifty public schoolboys whom a friend questioned for me, only sixteen had attempted to read *Westward Ho!*, and only five had got through it.

Dame Una makes her story most entertaining, and never lapses into the condescending irony favoured by the Guedalla school. Another shining virtue of this biography is the shrewdness of the comments upon character. Though the author is a Catholic, Kingsley's violence against Popery never drives her into any corresponding prejudice. She passes all too quickly and lightly over his wild assaults upon Newman, which show how obtusity of intellect can make a decent man behave like a cad. Wherever possible, she blames his errors upon his wife—and I dare say quite justly. Kingsley was nothing if not uxorious, and dwells repeatedly upon the allurements of his wife's "darling feet." A Miss Grenfell, of Taplow Court, she had shown most commendable determination in marrying, against the wishes of her family, a man less well connected than herself, and seven years younger. Thenceforward she struggled tirelessly to push him up in the world, and was very naturally overjoyed when at last he became a favourite with the Queen. The chief offence proved against her is the biography she wrote of her husband, a book hardly less dishonest than dull.

Born in 1819, the son of a clergyman, Kingsley won a scholarship at Magdalene, and in his final examinations distinguished himself in both classics and mathematics. This can be dismissed as a proof only of hard work and a good memory: from his writings one must suppose him to have been downright stupid. As Professor of Modern History at Cambridge, he solemnly pointed out that if a man chose to hold a stone in his hand, it would not fall to the ground: "So much for the inevitable action of the laws of gravity!" And here is a treasure from the pulpit: "It is a fearful lookout when God has to govern a nation, because it cannot govern itself." What wonder that Leslie Stephen declared: "His character has charm, his intellect weakness"? The charm lay in his impulsiveness, his contempt for convention, the altruism with which he rushed to the support of causes that were bound to bring him into disrepute. "Feeling not observation, instinct not logic, hurled him headlong from one activity to another in bursts of ardour." Such is Dame Una's judgment, which she supports with a quotation from Justin McCarthy: "Despite his rough voice and vigorous manner he was feminine in his likes and dislikes, his impulses and his prejudices, as Harriet Martineau was masculine in her intellect, and George Sand in her emotions."

Kingsley's first novel, *Yeast*, proceeded directly from his experience as a country parson. His rectory was damp and insanitary; the squire who owned the living refused to make any improvements; and this grievance opened Kingsley's eyes to the far filthier conditions in which most of his parishioners lived, brought up in hovels and committed to sweated work upon the land from the age of nine. (If anyone still fancies that England, until besmirched by the Industrial Revolution, was the pleasant place depicted by Morland and Wheatley, let him read the Hammonds' books on *The Country Labourer*.) *Yeast*, by the realism of its descriptions, and by its attack upon the game-preserving laws, excited fury. Kingsley had been encouraged to write the novel by F. D. Maurice, hardly less muddle-headed than himself as a theologian, but politically better educated. Through him Kingsley became involved with the Christian Socialists, for whom he wrote radical articles under the name of Parson Lot. Ludlow, the leader of the group, was investigating the horrors of the tailoring industry, and with him Kingsley visited the cholera-infested slums of Bermondsey, where the only drinking water came from a common sewer full of dead cats and dogs. His indignation exploded in *Alton Locke*. Good intentions, alas, do not suffice to make a good novel, and the book can now be read only as a duty. Such is the fate of almost all propaganda.

Those who fancy that Kingsley was a Socialist corrupted into Toryism by prosperity should note his gloss on *Alton Locke*:

> I believe that when you put workmen into human dwellings and give them a Christian education, so far from wishing discontentedly to rise out of their class, or to level others to it, exactly the opposite takes place.

Since he never understood Socialism, he cannot be fairly charged with deserting it. One may doubt even whether he was not more courageous than accurate when he impulsively described himself as a Chartist. Always disinterested, he remained subject also to fits of open-mindedness. Though he was to give an immediate welcome to the Darwinian theory, and—much more surprisingly—ranked among the earliest feminists, a change in his preoccupations becomes evident after *Alton Locke*. He turned from Bermondsey to the Alexandria of St. Cyril, and composed *Hypatia*, which was thought unduly outspoken about sex. His next intervention in public affairs was to champion Sir James Brooke, then on trial for maltreatment of the Dyaks.

Among the religious doctrines that he was paid to teach, Kingsley always adopted those he liked and rejected those he didn't. (In a more intellectual man such erratic behaviour would have shown dishonesty, for his choice was not dictated by anything describable as reason.) Though Kingsley disavowed the chronology of the Old Testament, he rejoiced in its ethic; and to defend Rajah Brooke he cited a mixture of precedents. "The truest benevolence," he began, "is occasional severity. It is expedient that one man die for the people." (Was ever a text more nauseatingly misapplied?) He continues:

> Physical death is no evil. It may be a blessing to the survivors. Else why pestilence, famine, Cromwell and Perrot in Ireland, Charlemagne hanging 4,000 Saxons over the Weser bridge; did not God bless these terribly righteous judgments? Do you believe in the Old Testament? Surely then what does that destruction of the Canaanites mean? If it was right, Rajah Brooke was right. If he be wrong, then Moses, Joshua, David, were wrong.

Brooke, for all I know, may have been right, but how pitiful are Kingsley's arguments! Why, if pestilence be a righteous judgment, did he devote so much energy to its prevention? Here, moreover, we first come upon that delight in the thought of bloodshed which was to become an addiction. A year or two later he read Hakluyt; and the Elizabethan buccaneers excited in him a passionate admiration. He was taken out of himself, like a respectable middle-aged woman at a film about a Sheik. He sat down to write *Westward Ho!*; and the outbreak of the Crimean War, while he was engaged upon this, came most pat to inflame further his sanguinary imagination. He had now only to go rabbit-shooting and the most delicious daydreams enveloped him:

> Would that the Rabbits were Russians, tin-pot on head and musket in hand! Oh! for one hour's skirmishing in those Inkerman ravines and five minutes with butt and bayonet as a *bonne bouche* to finish off with!

Sancta simplicitas! He had, of course, no personal experience of warfare. The reality, I suspect, would have horrified the kind-hearted clergyman who had been so sensitive to the suffering in Bermondsey. On the other hand, his brother Henry, present as a war correspondent at Sedan, indulged in the most gloating description I have ever read of a battlefield; and an appetite for blood may have run in the family. There must in any case have been something most neurotic and nasty in Kingsley for him even to think of entrails ripped by bayonets as a *bonne bouche*. If this passage had not been cut from his letter in Mrs. Kingsley Life, he would hardly have become the idol of so many late Victorian Liberals.

The mixture in Kingsley of jingoism, latitudinarianism and anti-Popery chimed beautifully with the tastes of Queen Victoria, and in 1859 all remembrance of his youthful radicalism was expunged by an invitation to preach in Buckingham Palace. His wife told him that Her Majesty liked very short sermons: he followed this advice and quickly became one of her Chaplains-in-Ordinary. In the following year the Cambridge Professorship of Modern History was offered to him by Palmerston. One does not know whether more to admire the cynicism of the offer or the rashness of its acceptance. Kingsley had written three historical novels: this was the only reason for supposing that he was qualified for the Chair, and he promptly showed that he was not. But what did the contempt displayed by scholars matter to Kingsley? The Queen, in whom he found priceless qualities of mind as well as of heart, appointed him tutor to her heir, then studying at Cambridge. To prepare himself for his new privilege, Kingsley immersed himself in early German history, only to learn with dismay that he was to instruct the Prince in the period from William III to Waterloo. "The Professor declared he knew little or nothing of eighteenth-century history, but that he thought the Georges, and he had in mind Thackeray's lectures, were much maligned beings and that he would most willingly take up their defence."

He continued to deserve and to enjoy the Queen's approval. He attacked Popery, he championed Governor Eyre, he welcomed the Prussian victory at Sadowa. Yet year followed year, deaneries and bishoprics fell vacant; and Kingsley remained Rector of Eversley. When the Queen suggested him in 1868 for a canonry at Worcester, even this unglittering prize was withheld. "The preferment of Mr. Kingsley just now," she was informed, "would be seriously prejudicial to Mr. Disraeli." In the following year Mr. Gladstone, who shared few of Kingsley's opinions, came up to scratch; and Kingsley was made a Canon, first of Chester, then of Westminster. Had he not died at fifty-five, Parson Lot might yet have fattened into a Bishop.

Dame Una rightly insists upon his passion for nature, and goes so far as to suggest that, if he had concentrated upon describing natural scenes, he would to-day rank above Richard Jefferies. It was this passion that enabled him to admire Darwin, whereas most other intellectuals, including Goethe and George Eliot, excited his contempt. Certainly he would have been a happier man if his conscience, and his conceit, had allowed him the sheltered life of an Isaac Walton or a Gilbert White. It was his misfortune to live in an age rent by intellectual disputes, and never to suspect his unfitness to take part in them. His feelings were fervent, and he supposed that he had something to say, because he could say it either in prose or in verse with such horrid facility. Can one find even an emotional consistency behind the vagaries of his intellect? Dame Una at the end confesses herself baffled by his personality. I admire her candour, and share her bewilderment. It is indeed because Kingsley remains enigmatic that he still is worth writing about.

RAYMOND MORTIMER

* *Canon Charles Kingsley*. By Una Pope-Hennessy. *Chatto & Windus*. 18s.

PAMPHLETS

British Pamphleteers Vol. I. From the Sixteenth Century to the Eighteenth Century. Edited by GEORGE ORWELL and REGINALD REYNOLDS. *Allan Wingate.* 16*s.*

This is the first of two volumes in which the editors propose to present a representative selection of British pamphlets down to the present day. Nearly all of the present volume are political or religious, and an excellent feature of it is that a good deal of it is not now easily available elsewhere. It appears that the introduction is Mr. Orwell's work, and that for most of its factual information he has relied upon Mr. Reynolds, who has made the actual selection and contributed the historical notes which preface each selection.

Mr. Orwell's introduction lacks most of his usual pungency, and is the work, I suspect, of a pretty tired man, not terribly interested in the job. He compares the vivid pamphleteering in Great Britain in the seventeenth century with "the acres of print" published in pamphlet form between 1935 and 1945, and suggests that "there has been very little that was either worth reading for its own sake or had any noticeable effect." With great respect, I suggest to Mr. Orwell that his conclusion is like one of those generalisations of Herbert Spencer, so admirably described by T. H. Huxley as a "beautiful hypothesis killed by an ugly little fact." In the vast Thomason Collection in the British Museum there are many hundreds of outstanding importance to the general historian and of deep interest in themselves either by way of style or content; and there are several thousands of high value to specialists in different aspects of the period from 1640-1661. But any serious student would tell Mr. Orwell at once that of pamphlets which live as those of Milton, or Lilburne, Winstanley or Walwyn or Overton live, it would be hard to find more than a hundred or so which have about them the power to arrest the attention of the general reader and convince on the ground of permanent merit. I see no sign of the deterioration of which he speaks. I suggest that pamphlets like some of those to which Mr. Shaw, Mr. Wells, Lord Keynes, Bertrand Russell, R. H. Tawney, Leonard Woolf, Sir Michael Sadler have given their literary skill and social insight, have circulated as widely, and been not less influential, than most of those published in this volume. It is worth his remembering that the *Areopagitica* aroused no comment when it first appeared; it hardly became famous until the second half of the eighteenth century, and that no one ever knew of Gerrard Winstanley until Edward Bernstein resurrected him in the Nineties of the last century. Frankly, Mr. Orwell is so good when he writes about things he has examined for himself that I am sorry he decided to be dismal about things he obviously knows very superficially, and that at second hand.

Mr. Reynolds's editorial work is not very satisfactory. I regret that he has given us half a dozen pages of Milton which are easily obtainable elsewhere, and, even more, where his choices are hard to come by, I regret that he has not printed them in full; he ought, also, to have added a careful bibliographical note to each item. His own notes are quite inadequate—the non-specialist reader ought to be told that "Leycester's Commonwealth" had an interesting history in the seventeenth century, as well as in the last twenty years of Elizabeth's reign. To describe the Familists as "a German sect strong . . . in England, where they were the fore-runners of the Quakers" is to summarise a complex problem into a quarter-truth. It is not true to say that there is no modern edition of Cardinal Allen's *Admonition*. *The Light Shining in Buckinghamshire* has been reprinted both in the *Harleian Tracts* and in two recent, and notable, American collections. It would have been generous of Mr. Reynolds to admit that the credit for the realisation of how remarkable a pamphlet *Tyrannipocrit Discovered* actually was belongs to a promising young Canadian scholar, Dr. D. W. Petegorsky, who was the first to note it and its importance; and it may interest him to know that its author was almost certainly William Walwyn. Winstanley's *True Levellers' Standard* is obtainable in two recent American reprints. While Mr. Reynolds is probably right in saying that Winstanley was not a Quaker, he is pretty certainly wrong in denying that Lilburne ended in that sect. In his note to the *People's Ancient and Just Liberties Assured*, Mr. Reynolds properly notes the amazing act of the Recorder of London in fining the jury which acquitted Penn and Mead in the great trial of 1670; but he ought to have pointed out that this penalty was reversed on appeal by Chief Justice Vaughan.

The project Mr. Reynolds has attempted is so admirable that I hope he will give more serious attention to his editorial duties in the next volume. He ought not to reprint material, like that of Milton, or Halifax, or Paine, that is easily accessible. He ought not to give bits and pieces of pamphlets. His notes ought not only to be adequate, they ought also to be accurate. Since it is difficult to find a publisher nowadays public-spirited enough to make this kind of reprint available, every effort should be made to justify his generosity.

HAROLD J. LASKI

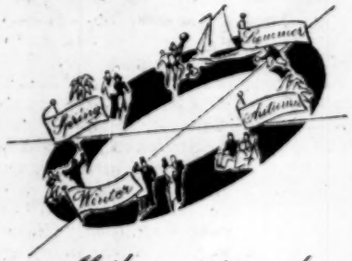
THE VIOLET DECADE

The Eighteen-Nineties. An Anthology chosen by MARTIN SECKER. *Richards Press.* 21*s.*

Turning the pages of this handsome blue volume, how brilliant, we must think, is the best of its writing—*The Decay of Lying, Eighteen-Eighty, Under the Hill.* How far from dull is its worst. And then—but what is the word?—how unprofessional most of it seems. Did no editor question the number of adjectives, the riot of words like pardie, yclept, limn, the jade of war, or the mysterious fulgor, caleche, lampas, beneesh? Did these writers ever criticise each other's work: or know what was poetry and what bathos in their own? Disappointingly, Mr. Martin Secker has included only one picture in his anthology, an early and not very wanton Beardsley drawing in which, as we so often find, the lady is on a much larger scale than the man. But the writers, not all of them familiar to us now, do fairly represent the period. Looking at their dates, we realise that in 1890 they were nearly all young, no more than twenty or thirty; few (besides Henley and Alice Meynell) had reached forty Alphabetically arranged, and starting with an enchanting introduction by Mr. John Betjeman, the book is bounded at one end by Beardsley and Beerbohm, at the other by Wilde and Yeats—resounding names! Between are such evocative ones as Corvo, Crackenthorpe, Dowson: the list is a long one. True, Stevenson, Hardy, Kipling, Barrie, Wells and Conrad were also writing then; Henry James, indeed, was a contributor to *The Yellow Book*, and Mr. Shaw to *The Savoy*. But some have lost and some never wore the accent of the time; at all events we do not find them here.

Perhaps that air of being a gifted amateur is not accidental. For these embroidered poems and stories are almost the last of the literature of Leisure in this country. Not that any of it is idly written: the verses and sentences are constructed with fastidious extravagance. But idleness, with its long literary ancestry, still belongs to the fixed pattern of life. Work has no part in these urban pastorals, where Pierrot takes the shepherd's place. Wickedness we shall find; it is intended that we should, and Beardsley,

Season at Bournemouth



all the year round

Restaurant Car Expresses from Waterloo All-Pullman "Bournemouth Belle" runs daily

Write for Guide Book, post 6d. (P.O. please), and free folder and hotel list from Information Bureau (Room 31), Westcott Road.

"It's easier to do business with a man than an address!"

"Johannesburg last week—New York next week! As my firm's export manager, I find it pays to do business in person. B·O·A·C, with more than 72,000 miles of routes, usually flies where I want to go, Speedbird service gets me or my freight there in a hurry. I leave all the arrangements to my local B·O·A·C Appointed Agent. About the actual flight—it's good, *really* good. Everything from the courteous attention to the complimentary meals reflects B·O·A·C's 29-year-old tradition of Speedbird service and experience."

B·O·A·C TAKES GOOD CARE OF YOU

FLY BY B·O·A·C

BRITISH OVERSEAS AIRWAYS CORPORATION WITH Q.E.A., S.A.A., T.E.A.L.

ELLERMAN AND BUCKNALL LINE TO SOUTH AFRICA

CAPETOWN
PORT ELIZABETH
EAST LONDON
DURBAN

ELLERMAN & BUCKNALL STEAMSHIP Co. Ltd.

104-6, Leadenhall Street, London, E.C.3

Telephon . AVEnue 1011

who believed most in Sin, is the wickedest of all. We may amuse ourselves by noting in what curious contexts the word "innocence" is used and such things as the praise of a weak mouth in male or female beauty. These are signs of the *inverted* moral, which is something more deliberate and daring than the absence of moral. Wilde's *Decay of Lying* is its most dazzling expression in this book; but it explains Davidson's fantastic *Ballad of a Nun* (the Virgin Mary takes her place while she spends "her passion's hoard" in the city Carnival), and even, I think, *The Headswoman*, Kenneth Grahame's pretty fancy about a girl executioner, or the ending of Henry Harland's graceful idyll, *Castles Near Spain*, with its dilettante hero and its lady who is—why not?—a Queen. "Her divorce," this charming fairy tale concludes, "didn't carry with it the right to marry again. But she said, 'We can go on making believe we're married.'" And George Moore plays with a few moral paradoxes in *The Lovers of Orelay*, whose careful, bland, feline insolences would divert us less if he were not so artful a prose writer, and more if we did not know who was the author.

The prose has another interest, for these longish, exotic tales are among the earliest of English short stories. They are exotic because they are born out of literature, not, as in America, out of the reporter's view of the ordinary. That will come later. Thus, Frank Harris writes about a matador, M. P. Shiel, a thriller about a Poe-like clairvoyant Prince; Crackenthorpe about Monte Carlo gamblers. Arthur Machen's *Three Imposters* is a long, evil exercise in the jocular-horrible (not unlike Chesterton's practice, later on, of the jocular-serious). The clever, forgotten Ella D'Arcy, at one time assistant editor of *The Yellow Book*, writes of the American New Woman, "so new that she hasn't yet found her way into fiction. She's the pioneer of the army coming out of the West." (But *Daisy Miller* was published in 1879.)

Of the two most Ninetyish poems, Dowson's *Cynara* and Wilde's *Sphinx*, Mr. Secker has included the one but not the other. But, minor stuff and all, the poems in the anthology give the sort of haunting pleasure that has no connection with taste or judgment; the most trivial verses catch the ear with their sharp, twangling rhythms, and intricate play with sounds, such as Victor Plarr's

> Rather say you saw her lately
> Lightly leaving her last lover.

They catch the imagination with their theatrical, visual effects: Wilde's *Harlot's House*, for instance:

> Sometimes a horrible marionette
> Came out and smoked a cigarette
> Upon the steps like a live thing,

and Michael Field's sophisticated pastoral:

> His eyes impeach
> A Venus on an ivied bank
> Who rests her rigorous chill flank
> Against a water-jet and turns
> Her face from those
> Who wanton in the coloured autumn's close,

and the last verse of Beardsley's *Three Musicians:*

> The gracious boy is at her feet,
> And weighs his courage with his chance;
> His fears soon melt in noonday heat.
> The tourist gives a furious glance,
> Red as his guide-book grows, moves on, and
> offers up a prayer for France

Wit, love, lost love and death are the constant themes; the pathetic Pierrot manages to symbolise them all.

The literature of the Nineties, like that of its counterpart, the late Elizabethan decadence, had a brief flowering and a quick decay. Who, since that time, could write, "But, Pierrot, it was sweet to stem the stealthy hours with wine and song"? or of flinging "roses, roses riotously with the throng"? What has happened to the earnest nonchalence, the violet prose, the pierrots, peacocks, matadors and minstrels, the masks and dominoes, the boudoirs and salons, the châteaux and gaming tables, the Harlot in literature, the dissipated, dying poets, the rondeaux and ballades, the Petrarchan sonnet, the glittering vocabulary, the splendid literary sins? They are not in the poetry or novel or short story of today. Literature has not only left the drawing-room; the drawing-room itself has vanished. The social sense has replaced the literary sense. The cinema has taken over the fancy-dress romance, and it may be the lunar-obsessed unlucky lovers of sixty years ago who are lingering out a debased existence in the modern dance lyric.

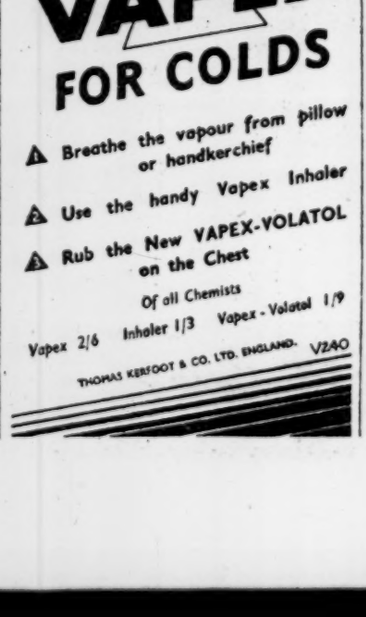
NAOMI LEWIS

RAPHAEL

Raphael. By OSKAR FISCHEL. Translated from the German by Bernard Rackham. 2 Vols. £5 5s. *Kegan Paul.*

Raphael imposed his vision of things on the imagination of four hundred years. Had he never existed, the contours of a face, ecstasy, the way an arm fits on to a shoulder, the cone formed by a mother playing with her children, would have been felt and observed differently. Then towards the end of the last century his grip on the mind slackened, the appearance of the world was shaken up and settled once more into a different pattern. His Madonnas, who formerly were found to possess the tenderness that simple women would bestow on children in an ideal world never seen, are now thought sickly. Not that recent generations are embarrassed by his serene otherworldliness, since Piero who replaced him was also serene and otherworldly: but his Saints seem to them charged with piety without being controlled by science, and piety has grown distasteful with the years. So far this century has been content to admire him when he scribbled down something he had seen, some tilt of a head that had never claimed an artist's pencil before, or when he planned buildings and organised figures in space as in the Brera *Sposalizio* or the *School of Athens;* but perception and composure are by no means his most stirring qualities. The real Raphael still eludes our grasp. Now we have the sensation, when poring over the excellent reproductions that form the second volume of Dr. Fischel's book, that he will be recaptured at any moment, and come to disturb our lives with new feeling. We shall need piety more and more; we shall continue to impose standards on ourselves that we cannot hope to live up to; and it is just possible that Raphael will render the same service to the second half of the twentieth century, that of standing as an unattainable ideal, as Piero rendered to the first.

No scholar is so well equipped as Dr. Fischel to reintroduce the artist to our time. He spent his life in the study of Raphael's drawings and wrote the standard volumes on the subject. This taught him to observe each form in process of transformation, and to appreciate that even finished pictures are not complete expressions of the man's mind. He conceives of Raphael's art, not as a series of isolated, perfected peaks, but as a meandering stream of clear water, now narrowing into a torrent, now broadening out into a lazy river, so that an observer stationed at any point on the bank can imagine to himself a past and a future round the bend. He has the capacity, so rare in contemporary art criticism, so necessary when dealing with the supreme masters, to penetrate behind form and study the spirit that animates the form. With the evidence of form alone before him, a shallow critic might be induced to ascribe some of Raphael's more casual jottings to an unknown genius working in Venice


3 WAYS OF USING
VAPEX
FOR COLDS
Breathe the vapour from pillow or handkerchief
Use the handy Vapex Inhaler
Rub the New VAPEX-VOLATOL on the Chest
Of all Chemists
Vapex 2/6 Inhaler 1/3 Vapex-Volatol 1/9
THOMAS KERSLOOT & CO. LTD. ENGLAND. V240

HALF PRICE CIGARETTE SMOKING
Remarkable new invention, televised in May and now on the market, makes cigarettes last twice as long as before. Cut smoking costs! Enjoy your cigarette more! The J. E. B. Cigarette Economiser makes one cigarette last half an hour, or half a cigarette last as long as a whole one used to.
Ebonite holder, fitted with scientifically slotted, untarnishable metal cover, gives a longer, cooler, cleaner smoke. No dropping ash; no scorched clothes or linens; makes smoking safe for motorists. Smart appearance; saves its cost in a week. High prices, scarcity and fire risks make it a necessity.
Price 12/6 inclusive: send P.O. with order now, or 2½d. stamp for illustrated booklet to:
J. E. B. PRODUCTS (Dept. C.2),
90 Mordaunt Road, London, N.W. 10.

Rabaldo
ELECTRIC DRYSHAVING
is dryshaving perfected
...because the 'Rabaldo' new shaving principle permits the actual cutting blade to touch the skin, and being held at the normal safety razor angle there is no new technique to learn. A really close, speedy and comfortable shave is obtained from the start.
In handsome Leather Case: £8 8s. 0d. (Inc. P.T.) or in Presentation Box £6. 17s. 6d. (Inc. P.T.). Guaranteed twelve months.
★ Limited supplies now available at all good Hairdressers, Chemists, Electrical Dealers and Stores, etc. In case of difficulty write direct to makers.
Manufactured by
JOHN A. FRANSEN LTD., NORTHWOOD HILLS, MIDDX.

in the Settecento, or to assume that the inventions of his last years could not have existed anywhere in the world, even in Rome, before the Baroque era, or to discover in his Madonnas in the Pitti and the Louvre nothing stranger than triangles and pyramids. Dr. Fischel realises that Raphael could never have been satisfied with geometry, could never have been bound to the vocabulary of shapes in fashion in his day, but must always be soaring like a glider in a high wind into regions dangerous for all but himself, seldom explored before or since, carrying with him the earth with every pretty gesture and trivial detail of hills and trees, with that reckless grace that in other ages would have made him the most moving of Gothic sculptors or the most inventive of Baroque architects. In this book Dr. Fischel has declared war on pedestrian style critics, as well as on those who insist that the stream of Raphael's art was continuously being diverted by "influences"—as though Fra Bartolommeo, Leonardo, classical sculpture, Schongauer's engravings could arrest his flight, could ever mean more to him than ideas to be toyed with and discarded. We should think less, says Dr. Fischel, of influences than of the impact of one spirit on another, less of conscious borrowing than of unconscious assimilation.

These are some of the merits of Dr. Fischel's book. But this does not mean to say that it is easy or agreeable to read. A considerable effort, even by someone who makes it his business to read books on art, is required to drive a furrow through these 370 pages. Some passages are obscure, some incomprehensible; we are conscious of a lack of co-ordination between thoughts and the words employed to express them. For this the translator, who deserves our sympathy and gratitude for undertaking so formidable a task, is probably less to blame than what must have been the turgid, almost Wagnerian language of the original. Not the language alone but the formation of the mind of a German scholar, his advanced age when working on the book, the hideous persecutions in his own country, which made research and travel increasingly difficult, exile, and finally his death before the proofs could be revised, account for most of the obscurities and repetitions. Dr. Fischel is not the first of the new disciples of Raphael, he is the last of the old; and we must expect to find in his book certain attitudes towards painting that can no longer, in our more eclectic age, be maintained. For example, he may be correct in insisting that it is more valuable to analyse Raphael's inventions than to disentangle the hands of various pupils who put these inventions into practice, but this is no reason to dismiss Giulio Romano as a clumsy imitator and mere Mannerist who had no positive contribution of his own to make. So long as it was believed that the decline in Italian art set in about 1520, it was difficult to gauge the spirit and achievement of the succeeding generation. However, this is the fruit of a lifetime of disinterested research by a great scholar, and no fresh interpretation of Raphael, more valid for our time, can afford to ignore it.

BENEDICT NICOLSON

PERSONAL REMARKS

The Short Story. By SEAN O'FAOLAIN. *Collins.* 10s. 6d.

When the subject of this book was first proposed to Mr. O'Faolain he thought, one suspects, "Oh dear, I suppose everyone will be reading it to find out how to write short stories." The number of people who regard all crafts and mysteries as rackets from which they are debarred by not having the right introductions, the appropriate thesaurus or magic spell, is quite alarming. It is one of the merits of Mr. O'Faolain's book that such people are disillusioned in no uncertain terms but, even so, there will remain one or two hardier spirits among his readers, no doubt, quite capable of calculating just how fat a registered envelope addressed to Dublin would have to be in order to elicit the real "inside," the "dope," the "gen"—or whatever word it is they would use for the trade secrets that Mr. O'Faolain still has up his sleeve.

They will not be satisfied with the seventy or so pages that he has devoted to "The Technical Struggle"; for when all the talk of "convention" and "subject" and "construction" and "language" is over they are left with the rather deflating comment that "all one has to do in order to write short stories is, apparently, to feel something desperately and to say it in the least possible number of words." Deflating but—on second thoughts—how false! Basically it is the same advice that was given them by their English teachers at school—"Be sincere!"—and just look where that has landed them. Experience has taught that they have never looked so foolish as when they were sincere and they have long since sought refuge in disguise and subterfuge. Here, paradoxically enough, is just where Mr. O'Faolain might help them. "Forget what I said about the necessity for feeling something desperately," he would say, "and study instead the career of George Moore. Here was an ignorant oaf, very vain, cunning it is true, fond of horses, who could not spell, knew no grammar, had received no education but who nevertheless manufactured an effective writing personality for himself and brought off at least one magnificent success. Go thou and do likewise!"

For it is in the writer's personality that Mr. O'Faolain finds the secret of good short story writing; not, of course, the writer's everyday personality which may well be displeasing and is, in any case, the concern only of his wife and friends, but his literary personality which may have such an unmistakable aura that we talk of "a Maupassant situation" or say, "That story is pure Chehov."

Perhaps this sounds a very ordinary, a very lame conclusion to offer to the reader but in an era of so-called scientific literary criticism it can hardly be called platitudinous. Mr. O'Faolain is at his best when, with all the delicacy we expect from him, he explores the interior world of three story writers: Daudet, "because he is one of the saddest examples of the collapse not of skill but of personality; Chehov, "because he is one of the most heartening examples of skilful self-management"; and Maupassant—presumably because in Maupassant, more clearly than in most, the gains and losses of a marked literary personality are clearly to be seen.

There is one oddity about the book. Mr. O'Faolain contrives to say nothing unexpected about the technique of writing but he is, for a man who lays so much store by the short story as an expression of individuality, unexpectedly kind about certain aspects of the contemporary poet-turned-story-writer school. Indeed, he seems to represent the history of the *genre* as a triumphal progress from the simplicity of Turgenev to our own subtle complexities. But how interesting it would have been had he followed up his exploration of the "writing personality" of Daudet, Chehov and Maupassant with some comment on the "writing personality" of our more important contemporaries. A great change has come about in the short story since Chehov died and it would be idle to pretend that this change is merely one of technique. Writing is not like the mechanical sciences in which improvements can be brought about by modifying or elaborating an existing instrument. There has been a change in the writer's attitude to his craft, personality (in Mr. O'Faolain's sense of the word) flows with greater and greater difficulty and for all their sensitiveness and cleverness our stories are, as a result, less

ORDINARY WRITING AT

120 words per minute

Great New Invention as Alternative to Shorthand

Dutton Speedwords—written in ordinary alphabetic letters—can be used for rapid note-taking from the first hour of study. Based on a scientific word-frequency analysis, the abbreviating rules are so powerful that ordinary running matter averages only two letters per word. The invention can be used for any language, and moreover has an exciting future as an all-nations correspondence medium because all nationals write the same Speedword forms. Warmly commended by G. Bernard Shaw, Prof. Hogben, F.R.S., Dr. Joad, and the Dean of Canterbury. Send 3d. for test lesson and details of 8-lesson postal course and high-speed appendix, worked through in 20-24 hours of actual study.

DUTTON SPEEDWORDS
(OW 11)
2/3, Great Russell Street, London, W.C.1

STEPHEN KING-HALL'S
NATIONAL NEWS-LETTER

is now acknowledged as the leading British News-Letter. The reasons for this fact are:—

Its complete independence and access to reliable and exclusive information.

NATIONAL NEWS-LETTER has never fallen below the standard suggested to its founder—"The assertion of truth, the unveiling of illusion, the dissipation of hate, the enlargement and instruction of men's hearts and minds."

Subscription rates to NATIONAL NEWS-LETTER are £2.0.0 per annum weekly service and £1.0.0 per annum fortnightly service, post free anywhere in the world.

Send your name, address and payment to
NATIONAL NEWS-LETTER (20),
162, Buckingham Palace Road,
London, S.W.1

If you are not interested in the service after receiving 2 issues, your subscription is returned in full.

London Univ. Examinations

● Univ. Corr. Coll., with its resident staff of highly qualified Tutors, prepares students for London University Matriculation, or the Special Entrance examination, and the Intermediate and Degree examinations in Arts, Science, Economics, Commerce, Laws, etc.; also for M.A. and various Diplomas and Certificates. The College is an Educational Trust, not conducted primarily as a profit-making concern.

● PROSPECTUS post free from Registrar,

University Correspondence College
70 Burlington House, Cambridge

This week in
The Listener

The United Nations Assembly
by Bernard Moore

Modern Turkey
by Arnold J. Toynbee

The United Nations and the North Atlantic Pact
by H. V. Hodson

Joseph Chamberlain
by The Rt. Hon. L. S. Amery

Salisbury's Foreign Policy
by Algernon Cecil

The Broader Problems of National Defence
by Walter Taplin

A BBC Publication

containing the best of the broadcast talks, book reviews, criticisms of art, music and drama. Every Thursday 1o n all newsagents 3d.

nourishing than their predecessors. Why should this be, what does it mean and where will it lead to?

To say that Mr. O'Faolain regards the history of the short story as a triumphal progress is, however, to misrepresent him and if he gives the impression that such is his belief the fault probably lies in the way he has organised his book. It works up to the wrong crisis. The subject is, however, still alive and kicking when he has finished operating upon it—an unusual state of affairs at the end of a modern book of criticism—and although Mr. O'Faolain must be given credit for delicacy and imagination, something of the effect is due to the appendix of eight stories (illustrating the text) with which the volume closes. But, oh dear, oh dear, if only he had chosen to write his book instead of talk it! No wonder the typical Irish donkey is said to have no hind legs.

P. H. NEWBY

A MAGISTRATE

Fifteen Years Hard Labour. By CLAUD MULLINS. *Gollancz.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Claud Mullins is the one outstanding Metropolitan Magistrate since Sir William Clarke Hall, and therefore this Apologia for his magisterial life is intrinsically interesting and significant. Yet his friends who know how much solid improvement he has carried out in doing justice to others will lament that he seems incapable of doing justice to himself. It is difficult to put a finger on the spot where the book goes wrong, but somehow despite the courage and wisdom which it reveals, it leaves an impression of a writer who is over-sensitive and almost querulous. This is all wrong and the reader who will meet Claud Mullins for the first time in this book should be warned (as a solicitor warned a client due to appear in the South Western Court), that "Mr. Mullins is a grand magistrate and a great deal kinder than you will think."

This warning given, it remains to say that *Fifteen Years Hard Labour* is a spirited record of a magistrate striving with a great measure of success to modernise and humanise his Court and the methods of treating the men and women who came before him. Despite the indifference or hostility of his fellow magistrates, Claud Mullins went ahead with innovations in his own Court and with propaganda for reforms in the law and practice of summary jurisdiction. The zest of the chase was on him when he smelt stupidity or cruelty. He talked and he did. He visited prisons and Borstals, listened to the views of practical reformers and idealists whom he found among Governors and Medical Officers. He took two resolutions as a result of these visits: he decided not to pass prison sentences on young people under 20, thus anticipating part of the Criminal Justice Act of 1948, and he abandoned the fatuous but time-honoured sentence of five days for "drunks." He must have earned the unspoken gratitude of countless people for the first decision: for the second, one person at least expressed his feelings—an old knife grinder explaining the miracle of a year's gap between his 121st and 122nd conviction said "Mr. Mullins was bad and I was saving up to buy him a wreath. But he recovered and I took to drink again."

Posterity will, or should, remember Claud Mullins as the man who first brought the psychologist and psycho-therapist into the service of the Metropolitan Magistrates' Courts. He proclaims his political conservatism loud and long throughout this book but in his professional life he is an innovator and reformer and he sees in the lawyer's traditional disdain for mental science merely a sign of narrow mindedness and obscurantism. His fellow workers were public-spirited psychotherapists such as practitioners of the Institute for the Scientific Treatment of Delinquency.

Mr. Mullins' experiment, especially in making it the normal practice to offer psychological treatment in sexual cases, has not had much, if any, immediate influence on the policy of his colleagues. In another matter he records success over a wider field. The Domestic Court with its limited publicity and its design for securing a quiet, civilised discussion of matrimonial difficulties instead of the old horrifying shouting matches between angry husbands and wives has an Act behind it, placed on the statute book largely as a result not only of Claud Mullins' example but of his persistent agitation. With the help of Lord Snell and Lord Listowel (what bad political company he kept) Mullins' Summary Jurisdiction (Domestic Procedure) Bill saw light in the House of Lords and after the Report of the Social Services Departmental Committee had strengthened his position, a private member's bill (Mr. Petherick, M.P., better company this time) enacted many of the provisions for which he had worked. It is reasonable to suppose that thereby the Courts have been able to save instead of destroy a number of marriages which were on the verge of wreckage.

It will come as news to some that Claud Mullins was also one of the most active individual workers for a reform of the law on the imprisonment of debtors. It was he who roped in Lord Arnold, and Lord Arnold strove persistently in the House of Lords until the number of men and women sent to prison for poverty was reduced by thousands every year by the Money Payments (Justice's Procedure) Act.

This is an interesting, exasperating record of a magistrate who has left his mark for good on the English Courts and, if he continues to write books like *Crime & Psychology* and *In Quest of Justice*, will continue to influence the minds of those who think about the problems of penal reform.

CICELY M. CRAVEN

American Banking System. By R. S. SAYERS. *Oxford.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Professor Sayers has written an extraordinarily lucid and instructive introductory book on the American Banking System, which fills an awkward gap in English literature on economic organisation. The U.S. banking system for historical reasons grew in very different directions to the European, especially English banking. The grave distrust of the Middle-West and the West of the concentrated financial power of the East, especially of Wall Street, combined with its political influence, was able to prevent the rise of great branch banking systems and even of a strong Central Bank. The consequent weakness and rigidity of the financial system resulted first in an appalling series of financial panics, and, despite the organisation of the Federal Reserve System, in mass-bankruptcies culminating in the closing down of the whole system in 1933. The Roosevelt revolution introduced reforms, little known in this country, to overcome the weakness of the system through a greater concentration of power in the hands of the Governors of the Federal Reserve and through compulsory deposit insurance. The overwhelming importance of the U.S. in the world economic system, and the comprehensible tendency of the dominant power to export institutional patterns, makes the study of these reforms imperative.

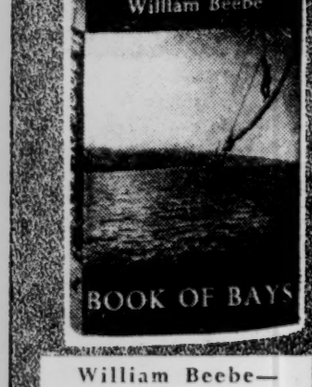
FURTHER EDUCATION

December-February

No one even remotely interested in Education should miss this number which has received praise from all quarters on account of its varied and stimulating contents.

Single copies 5*s.* *Yearly Subscription* £1.

10 Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1.



William Beebe—
describes a leisurely voyage down the coasts of Central America in search of rare specimens. With over 30 superb illustrations

BOOK OF BAYS

15*s*

THE BODLEY HEAD

Everyone can buy a good book

Ask for Christmas List

at

HATCHARDS

(Established 1797)

Booksellers to Their Majesties The King, The Queen, and to Queen Mary,

and you can buy good seats, too, for any entertainment in London, at Hatchards' Theatre Ticket Agency

187, PICCADILLY, W.1

Telephone: REGent 3201-3201

Henry Green

Concluding

'Mr. Green has found a theme whose sinister beauty exactly fits his equivocal powers, and has handled it with care and inspiration. *Concluding* is unforgettable'—*Listener.* 8*s.*6*d.*

William Sansom

The Equilibriad

A remarkable long-short story published in a limited edition. Signed by the author and illustrated with five drawings by Lucian Freud. Prospectus on application. 21*s.*

THE HOGARTH PRESS

DISTINCTIVE BOOKS of high literary value published with care, consideration, and pride.

Such are the productions of Castle Press, whose series of the works of Oscar Wilde are mentioned whenever the conversation turns to fine books. The appearance of the first title in the series Harvest (Volume One, Travel—8/6) brought so much praise that the second volume is in the course of preparation.

A booklet telling more of the story of Castle Press and listing their titles is being prepared and will be gladly sent on request.

CASTLE PRESS

50, OLD BROMPTON ROAD, LONDON, S.W.7.

A SET OF QUESTIONS

A prize of Six Guineas is offered for the most accurate set of answers received by December 30th

WHO . . .'

1. Ventured neck or nothing?
2. Left a name at which the world grew pale?
3. Prayed where he did sit?
4. Dropped some natural tears but wiped them soon?
5. Was more bent to raise the wretched than to rise?
6. Stood up to keep the goal?
7. Had his jest and they had his estate?
8. Was hardened against her young ones as if they had never been?
9. Turned, her bosom shaken with a sudden storm of sighs?
10. Unfastened every bolt or bar of massy iron or solid rock with ease?
11. Said Crops are ripe?

WHOSE . . .'

1. Dogs were: (a) Jeoffry, (b) Caesar, (c) Relais, (d) Tory?
2. Cats were: (a) Othello, (b) Foss, (c) Sir John Langhorn?
3. Servants were: (a) Bachelor, (b) Sellars, (c) Fletcher, (d) Barber?
4. Doctors were: (a) Fagon, (b) Conneau, (c) Morell Mackenzie?
5. Nicknames were: (a) Old Madagascar, (b) The Bean, (c) Crusoé, (d) Kanevas, (e) Badinguet, (f) Topsy, (g) The Begum, (h) Sissy, (i) King Jog, (j) Old Wickedshifts, (k) Posh.
6. Last words were:
   (a) "I am going I hope and trust to join Nelson."
   (b) "Give my love to the Academy."
   (c) "Arrogat, my Lord"?
7. Lapdogs: (a) Jumped out of the library window because "he took it into his head he could fly like a bird." (b) Twice bit his mistress's lover in the leg. (c) Was concealed under his mistress's skirt while her head was cut off.

WHAT . . .'

1. Manifestations were known as: (a) Jeffery, (b) The Cocklane Ghost?
2. General suffered the hallucination that he was pregnant of an elephant?
3. King's head was the shape of a pineapple?
4. General fought for the French at Trafalgar and against the French at Waterloo?
5. Striking military event was Captain Nolan responsible for?
6. Famous Englishman's grave would you look for in: (a) Lisbon, (b) Florence, (c) Rome, (d) St. Germain-en-Laye, (e) Père-Lachaise, (f) Basle?
7. King was married at (a) St. Jean de Luz, (b) Famagusta?
8. Was (a) Jack Ketch's Kitchen, (b) the neck-verse?
9. Is "The Queen of the Sciences?"

WHICH . . .'

1. Saint do you associate with: (a) A shower of roses, (b) a gridiron, (c) a shipwreck, (d) a dog, (e) a lion, (f) three Pawnbroker's Balls, (g) a wheel, (h) a stag, (i) a pig, (j) a handkerchief?
2. Russian writers created the following characters: (a) Vorochilov, (b) Stepan Trofimovitch Verhovensky, (c) Prince Vasili, (d) Tchertokoutsky, (e) Semyon Panteleyevitch Yepikhodov, (f) Semyon Semycnovitch Myedvyedenko.
3. Sonnets end with the following lines:
   (a) "The flood on which all move and wish to move"
   (b) "All men are bad and in their badness reign"
   (c) "I am that creature and creator, Change"
   (d) "Which some green Christmas crams with weary bones"
   (e) "The power, the pride, the reach of perished Rome"
   (f) "These are the summer days, and these our walks"
   (g) "Alongside of: respect to Moses, though!"?
4. Operas take place in: (a) Seventeenth-century Goa, (b) Liverpool, (c) Twelfth-century Sicily, (d) Boston, (e) Toledo, (f) the Caucasus, (g) Fourth-century Alexandria, (h) Early nineteenth-century Cornwall, (i) Ceylon, (j) Leyden?
5. Poet (a) was Distributor of postage stamps, (b) was Professor of English at a French College, (c) was Reader in French to a Queen of Prussia, (d) was a Shepherd, (e) played the flute professionally?
6. Palace contains: (a) the Room of the Giants, (b) the Dwarves' Apartment, (c) the Cupola Room, (d) the Sala de Porcelana, (e) Sall der ungeheuren Tiere.

WHO CALLED WHOM . . .'

1. An ugly, affected, disgusting fellow?
2. Insidious, ambitious, and excessively covetous of praise; and impatient of contradiction?
3. A very intelligent man—for a horse-couper?
4. A maniacal Calvinist and coddled poet?
5. A monster of immodesty and of impurity of all sorts?
6. A poor creature who never did, said, or wrote anything indicating more than the ordinary capacity of an old woman?
7. A vain, silly, transparent coxcomb, without either solid talents or solid virtues?
8. A cockney-bred setter of rabbits?
9. A teeth-grinding, glass-eyed, lone Caloyer?
10. A superstitious and brutish bigot?
11. A damned wrong-headed fellow, through his whole life jealous and obstinate?

WHAT EMINENT POET WROTE

1. So sad I am! but should a friend and I
   Grow cool and miff, O! I am very sad!
2. Upon a weeded rock this old man sat,
   And his white hair was awful, and a mat
   Of weeds were cold beneath his cold thin feet;
3. A little glassy-headed hairless man,
   Who lived alone in a great wild on grass;
4. A dog had from the sea,
   When the tide was raging fearfully,
   Dragged Lionel's mother, weak and pale,
   Then died beside her on the sand.
5. The flower-enamour'd busy bee
   The rosy banquet loves to sip;
   Sweet the streamlet's limpid lapse
   To the sun-brown'd Arab's lip.
6. Let spires and pews wi' gran' stramash
   Thegether fa';
   The rumlin' kist o' whustles smash
   In pieces sma'.
7. Girls, one thing will I say and hold my peace.
   I that did this will weep not nor cry out.
8. An' when I am gone, he'll turn, an' see
   His folly an' wrong, an' be sorry for me;
   An' come to me there in the land o' bliss
   To give me the love I looked for in this.
9. "Do you see
   Yonder well-favoured youth?" "Which?"
   "O, 'tis he
   That dances so divinely." "O," said I.

SEQUENCE

THE INDEPENDENT FILM QUARTERLY

The liveliest periodical reading on the cinema.—Richard Winnington. *A beautifully illustrated and wholly admirable publication.*—Hollywood Quarterly. *The most lively and individual film review in the English language.*—Cinéas, Paris. *Lets fly with scorn, intelligence . . . I wish it luck, and an extended influence.* — William Whitebait.

Number SIX Just out

Containing

Dance in the Cinema

Films of René Clair: the French Avant-Garde: Special Reviews of Flaherty's *Louisiana Story*, *Antoine et Antoinette*, *The Fallen Idol*, *The Pirate*, etc.: Current Film Reviews: Advance News: over fifty stills.

2/- a copy; 2/3 post free, or 9/- a year from:

The Editors, 19, Hanover Terrace, Regent's Park, N.W.1

SEQUENCE

Now Ready

OUTLINES OF LAW FOR SOCIAL WORKERS

by

A. C. L. Morrison, C.B.E.

Formerly Senior Chief Clerk of the Metropolitan Magistrates' Court

and

E. L. Thackray, LL.M.

Solicitor of the Supreme Court, Formerly Registrar, Free Legal Advice Centre, London, S.E.5.

WITH CHAPTERS BY OTHER AUTHORS

"Will prove of enormous assistance to everyone who is placed in a position where his advice is sought by others."
—*The Times Educational Supplement*

10s. 6d., by post 10d. extra

BUTTERWORTH & CO. (Publishers) LTD.

Bell Yard, Temple Bar, London, WC2

Roof Bosses in Medieval Churches

C. J. P. CAVE

368 remarkable telephotographs of carved roof bosses, with an accompanying text, forming the first general survey of a branch of gothic art of astonishing richness and variety. 35*s. net*

CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY PRESS

Book Token Choices

Frank Howes

MAN, MIND AND MUSIC

"A treat for anyone who cares about music."
—*The Times Literary Supplement*

"Packed with felicities"
—*Tribune*

12s. 6d. net.

Eric Partridge

DICTIONARY OF FORCES' SLANG

"Prodigiously fascinating."
—*Time & Tide.*

"A book to buy and keep."
—*Cavalcade.*

12s. 6d. net.

SECKER & WARBURG

Week-end Competitions

No. 984

Set by Raymond Postgate

Archdeacon Spooner may have announced a hymn as "Kinquering Kongs their Titles take"; but he never asked the Paddington barmaid for "a bath of milk and a glass bun," nor did he accuse the candidates of the Missionary Society of merely having "a half-warmed fish in their hearts," and his aunt most certainly never kept a teashop in Horsham. These are parts of a myth; the usual prizes are offered for pleasant additions to the myth, which must be plausible and printable. Limit 100 words. Entries by Jan. 4th.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 981

Set by Sebastian

Competitors are asked to invent three occupational diseases appropriate to the post-war world, with annotations of symptoms, treatment, etc. Length not to exceed 150 words.

Report by Sebastian

A large, funny and bewildering entry and very hard to judge. Among the new contemporary diseases I noted: Lysenkoitis or Jaybees Rash, chronic Taxaemia or Stafford's Crippling, Bevanism or Builder's Itch, Brewer's Dropsy ("strong tendency to make water"), Lloyd's List, St. Veto's Dance, Archbishop's Eye, (a spasmodic blindness), Tobacconists' Tongue (Vyshinsky's disease), Fission Hysteria or Blackett's Disease, and a whole collection of stoops, limps, palsies, cramps, lips and poxes. And of course, there was one phenobarbitone joke, without which these competitions would not be what they are. The percentage of libel was far higher than usual this time: Lakon, Leon Shirlaw were witty offenders. If Polkovnik could have kept up the standard of his first item in Jaybees Rash, he would have been among the winners. But, with N.B., H. A. C. Evans, R. Fenwick, J. Raymond Majer, L. G. Udall, Richard Pomfret, M.A.G., D. R. Barclay, I. J. Lorch and Allan M. Laing, he fell among the runners up who had one brilliant idea but did not complete the set. This difficulty was present in pretty well all entries, but, I think the highest average was attained by Fergie, H. V. S. Page, R. J. P. Hewison and L.E.J., among whom I divide the prize.

Vertigo literaria (newsreaders' staggers): Patient out of balance, feels he is turning corners and stones, moving in cycles and informed circles, climbing ladders, pulling ropes, cutting cake, etc. Treatment: course of radio, television and cinema may be given to induce illiteracy.

Rigor officialis (civil service cramp). Patient fixed in inflexible attitude, hands tied, cannot see his way; if pressed, will quote Act, but position remains unchanged. Treatment: cordials are accepted but ineffective. Patient resists solatium, palm-oil, douceurs, etc. Symptoms disappear on repeal of Act, or on retirement or disestablishment.

Steatopygia sedentaria (committeeman's bottom): spreading of buttocks with progressive atrophy of all faculties. Patient incapacitated for all useful work. Treatment: nothing is effective except total withdrawal of travelling and subsistence allowances. In certain cases (e.g. Civil Service and Voluntary Bodies) where this is not possible, condition becomes chronic ending in general paralysis of the body-politic.

FERGIE

Polic: see also Strawvotitis: affliction of public opinion estimators. Symptoms: Dewey eyes, premature boldness, swelling of the head. If neglected, danger of Galluping Polic setting in. No certain cure yet claimed. Remedial exercises: putting the ear to the ground, kicking the backside. Diet: raspberries, hats.

St. Veto's Dance: affliction of statesmen. Symptoms: Inflammation of the De Gaulle bladder, Caudilophilia (vulg. Gentleman's Relish), ERAsypelas, astigmatism of the left eye, addiction to purges. Treatment: Excision of the categorical negative, apply amicable solution, follow by Hoo-Ray treatment.

Salaria (*vulg. Machine Ague*): affliction of industrialists, believed to be carried by the squander bug. Symptoms: thrombosis of the pay packet, an aggravating tuc, hardening of the hearteries, also a sore feeling when the hands join together. Treatment: removal of the inflationary spiral, austerilisation of the consumer glands; incentive tonic.

H. V. S. PAGE

Adollarosis (*Softening of the Currency*).

Deficiency complaint of businessmen and would-be travellers. May affect whole system, causing unstable balance, even collapse. Claustrophobic sensations common in early stages.

Cause: Lack of Vitamin $, now rare in Europe.

Treatment; Vitamin-transfusion, optimum dosage *quant. suff.* Gold-injections beneficial. (Both available only on American prescription).

Forces' Ear (*Otitis Radia*).

Form of selective deafness, attacking ex-service personnel and adolescents. Produces inability to hear except against background of noise, itself not perceived until removed, when distress supervenes.

Cause: B. Naafi.

Treatment: (seldom successful) Gradually diminished dose.

Poolster's Itch (*also, from secondary symptoms, Friday Fever*).

Common before 1939, now rampant.

Chronic digital irritation, alleviated by pencil exercises, affecting pools competitors. Accompanied by hallucinations of prosperity, rising on Friday night to delirium, followed by relapse (exceptionally euphoria) next day.

Cause: Contact with sufferers, newspapers, etc.

Treatment: None certain, prolongation of relapse condition sometimes assists. R. J. P. HEWISON.

T.P.B. (Third Programme Brow). An offensive swelling of the upper forehead, caused by listening to the Third Programme. Since Bookies enjoy complete immunity, the best prophylactic is to become a Turf Commission Agent.

Scullion's Hump. A neurosis peculiar to male washers-up who cannot find that wire thing with which you scrape the burnt edges of the apple-charlotte off the dish. Stoppelmeger, as a result of brilliant research, discovered in 1946 that *Ancilla Quotidiana Vespertina* (Anc. Quot. Vesp.) effects a complete cure. She is, unfortunately, practically unprocurable.

Gromyko Jaw. A painful stiffness of the jaw affecting members of the Security Council, and brought on by yawning while listening to endless repetition of the same arguments. Relief can be got through the homeopathic *Vyshinsky* treatment whereby a second bout of yawning loosens up the stiff muscles.

L. E. J.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

to any address in the world.

Yearly, 32s. 6d.; Six months, 16s. 3d.; Three months, 8s. 6d.

By Air to any country in Europe, £2 10s yearly. (except Germany, Poland and Iceland, which are £3)

Canada and U.S.A., Air Edition £3 15s. ($15), yearly; Six months, £2 ($8).

Surface Edition, $7 Yearly; Six months, $3.50

Subscriptions may be remitted to BRITISH PUBLICATIONS INC., 150 East 35th Street, N.Y.16, N.Y.

To other countries by special quotation.

NEW STATESMAN AND NATION

10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1. *Hol.* 8471.

POSTAGE on this issue is: Inland, 1½d.; Foreign, 1d.; Canada, 1d.

SPECIALISED POSTAL TUITION for UNIVERSITY, CIVIL SERVICE & PROFESSIONAL EXAMINATIONS

A Metropolitan College Modern Postal Course is the most efficient, the most economical, and the most convenient means of preparation for the **Matric.**; School Cert.; University Entrance; B. Com.; B.Sc. Econ.; LL.B. and other external London Degrees. **Civil Service Examinations,** etc.

Also expert postal tuition for **Prelim. Exams.** and for the professional exams. in **Accountancy, Secretaryship, Law, Sales Management, &c.,** and many intensely practical (non-exam.) courses in commercial subjects.

25,000 POST-WAR EXAM. SUCCESSES

and hundreds of First Places, Prizes and other Honours

Guarantee of Coaching until Successful. Textbook lending library. Moderate fees, payable by instalments.

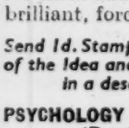
Write to-day for prospectus, sent FREE on request, mentioning exam. or subjects in which interested, to the Secretary (D1/4),

METROPOLITAN COLLEGE
ST. ALBANS

or call 30, Queen Victoria St., London, E.C.4.

TO ALL WHO USE WORDS..

The greatest aid in years

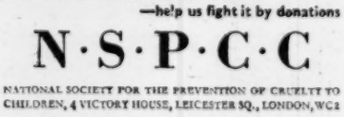


A remarkable list of words that many people use for making their letters, advertisements, talks and any work with words more brilliant, and sparkling, more inspiring, more penetrating. It will be sent to introduce quickly HARTRAMPF'S VOCABULARIES, which is acclaimed by discriminating people the world over as the greatest invention since the alphabet. Eminent business men and women say it almost thinks for them and shapes thoughts into brilliant, forceful language.

Send Id. Stamp TODAY for a specimen of the Idea and Word Chart embodied in a descriptive brochure.

PSYCHOLOGY PUBLISHING CO. LTD.,
(Dept. NSN/HV22.)
MARPLE, CHESHIRE.

Would


was said to be illegitimate.
A doctor said the girl's injuries were consistent with her being beaten up, with maybe a fist, "it could have been a boot".

you prosecute?

First offence—or persistent cruelty? The N.S.P.C.C. Inspector must always decide whether to bring the responsible parties to court, or to give them another chance. The N.S.P.C.C. has a wonderful record of successes with the rebuilding of seemingly hopeless home lives. Last year more than 40,000 homes were helped to some better way of living. In only 1054 cases was there prosecution.

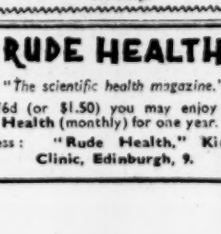
CHILD CRUELTY IS ON THE INCREASE

—help us fight it by donations

N·S·P·C·C

NATIONAL SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO CHILDREN, 4 VICTORY HOUSE, LEICESTER SQ., LONDON, WC2

LIFE-BOAT FACTS



LIVES SAVED

Over 75,000 lives have been saved since the Life-boat Service was established in 1824. An average of 11 lives per week. Help the life-boat men in this magnificent work by sending a contribution.

ROYAL NATIONAL LIFE-BOAT INSTITUTION

42, GROSVENOR GARDENS, LONDON, S.W.1.

The Duke of Montrose, K.T., C.B., C.V.O., V.D., *Treasurer.*

Col. A. D. Burnett Brown, M.C., T.D., M.A., *Secretary.*

RUDE HEALTH

"The scientific health magazine."

For 6/6d (or $1.50) you may enjoy Rude Health (monthly) for one year.

Address: **"Rude Health," Kingston Clinic, Edinburgh, 9.**

Appointments Vacant

None of the vacancies in these columns relates to a man between 18 and 50 inclusive or a woman between 18 and 40 inclusive unless he or she is excepted from the provision of the Control of Engagement Order, 1947, or the vacancy is for employment excepted from the provision of that Order.

B.B.C. invites applics. for post of Religious Broadcasting Assistant at Glasgow. Successful applicant will be reqd. to assist in planning, organisation and production of all Scottish religious broadcasts and in production of contributions to broadcasts in other Services. These include morning and evening Sunday Services from Churches in any part of Scotland, or from a B.B.C. studio, series of Talks and Talks Features, Family Prayers and News reports of events such as the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland. Duties also include assistance in planning of Scottish Appeals. Pref. given to candidates who are Ministers of the Church of Scotland with parish exp. Starting sal. £610 (may be higher if qualifics. and exp. are exceptional), rising by £40 to £800 max. Detailed applics. to Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W.1, marked "Religious P.A.—N. Sm.," within 7 days. For acknowledgment enclose s.a.e.

PETERLEE Development Corporation. Architect Planner's Dept. Appointment of Junior Administrative Officer. Applics. invited for above post, at a starting salary of between £400 and £550 p.a., according to ability. Duties will include acting as personal assistant to Architect Planner, general assistance in administration of the dept., minutes of conferences, correspondence and returns, office equipment and supervision of files, maps, library, etc. Some architectural exp. and ability to take shorthand and drive a car will be an advantage. Appointment is subject to one month's notice either way. Superan. is optional. Lodging allowance is payable in certain circumstances. Applics., stating age, qualifics. and exp., should be addressed to Architect Planner, Peterlee Development Corporation, Shotton Hall, Old Shotton, Co. Durham, so as to arrive not later than Jan. 1, 1949.

COUNTY Borough of Wolverhampton Educ. Ctee. Applics. invited from suitably qualified candidates (men and women) for post of Educational Psychologist to advise teachers and others as to treatment of certain difficult children and to have charge of the Child Guidance Centre (estab. 1944). Soulbury Scale (ii): £585 by £20 to £680 for women, and £650 by £25 to £850 for men, with commencing salary according to exp. Post is subject to provisions of Local Govt. or Teachers' Superann. Act, and successful candidate will be reqd. to pass a medical exam. Applicants should possess an hons. degree in psychology or its equivalent, and should have had Child Guidance training and exp. with children as well as training in intelligence testing at a recog. training centre. Further partics. from Director of Education, Education Offices, to whom completed applications should be sent by Jan. 8, 1949.

MAKERERE College, East Africa. Applics. invited for post of Warden of Women's Hostel at Makerere College, Kampala, which is being developed as the University College of East Africa. Post will be combined with a part-time lectureship in a subject in Arts, Science or Education. Sal. £935-£1,040 p.a. Rental charge for residential accomm. at 10% of salary. Superann. on basis similar to F.S.S.U. Home leave with passages paid every second long vacation. Successful candidate expected to take up duties on March 1, 1949. Applics. (six copies) incl. names of 3 refs. and full partics. of qualifics. should be sent before January 8, 1949, to Sec., Inter-University Council for Higher Education in the Colonies, 1 Park St. London, W.1, from whom further partics. may be obtained.

MAKERERE College, East Africa. Applics. invited for post of Assistant Librarian at Makerere College, Kampala, which is being developed as the University College of E. Africa. Commencing salary not less than £605 p.a. Family allowances of £50 p.a. per child (subject to max. of £150 p.a.). Superann. on basis similar to F.S.S.U. Rental charge for residential accomm. at 10% of salary. Home leave with passages paid every 2nd long vacation. Successful candidate expected to take up duties in March, 1949. Previous exp. in university or learned library important. Applics. (6 copies) incl. names of 3 referees and full partics. of qualifics., should be sent before Jan. 31, 1949, to Secy., Inter-University Council for Higher Education in the Colonies, 8 Park St. London, W.1, from whom further partics. may be obtained.

SOMERSET Educ. Ctee. Applics. invited for appointment of Assistant Education Officer for Special Services (incl. Special Educational Treatment and School Meals Service). Candidates must be men who are grads. of a British Univ. and it is desirable that they should have had previous teaching and admin. exp. Sal. £810 p.a., rising by annual increments of £25 to £960 p.a., commencing salary to be according to qualifics. and exp. Applic. form, which must be returned by Jan. 8, 1949, obtainable tog. with further partics., from F. J. Deacon, Chief Educ. Officer, County Educ. Office, Belmont Estate, Trull Rd., Taunton, on receipt of a s.a.e. Canvassing, directly or indirectly, will be a disqualification.

THE Northumberland and Tyneside Council of Social Service invites applics. for post of Organiser for its Women's Department, to be responsible for clubs and educational and general social work. Candidates should have knowledge of social service and admin. exp. Commencing salary £300-£350 p.a. according to qualifics. S.a.e. for further partics. to Hon. Director, 17 Ellison Pl. Newcastle-on-Tyne, 1.

Appointments Vacant—continued

HAMPSHIRE C.C. Appointment of Assistant Superintendent of Children's Homes. Applics. invited for above appointment for women holding recog. child-care qualifics. and with admin. exp. and practical knowledge of residential care of children, particularly of babies and infants. Person appointed will be reqd. to assist Superintendent in administration and supervision of all the Council's Homes and Nurseries throughout the County. Accomm. is not provided but person appointed will be reqd. to live in/near Winchester. Appointment will be in Grade II of A.P.T. division of the N.J.C. scale, £420 by annual increments of £15 to £465 p.a. Post is superannuable and is subject to passing of a medical exam. Person appointed will be reqd. to keep a car for which travelling allowances will be paid in accordance with Council's scale. Further partics. and applic. form, which must be returned by Jan. 8, from Children's Officer, 2 Clifton Terrace, Winchester.

WILTSHIRE C.C. Educ. Ctee. Applics. invited for follg. Youth Service appointment: Malmesbury. Leader-Organiser: Officer appointed will work under a local committee and will be responsible for development of Youth Service activities in the town, incl. the leadership of a small mixed club. Recog. training and exp. is essential for the post. Sal. will be in accordance with Grade II of Miscellaneous Division of Natl. Scales, viz., £375×£15 to £420 p.a. Canvassing directly/indirectly, will be a disqualification. Further partics. and applic. forms from Director of Educ., County Hall, Trowbridge, Wiltshire.

INTERNATIONAL Hostel for overseas students, nr. Leeds, reqs. capable woman of imagination as res. Domestic Bursar. Duties: supervise staff and ensure well-being of students; ability to cook, plan menus and kndge. of Food Returns an adv. Interesting post for someone of international sympathies. Apply, giving full partics., to Box 969, W. H. Smith & Son, Ltd., 16-17 Commercial St. Leeds, 1.

CLUB Leaders and Assistants (women) reqd. for Y.W.C.A. Centres serving all age groups. Training necessary. Salary from £270 for young assistants up to £420 non-resident. Hostel Wardens, Assistants and Cook Caterers. Previous exp. in institutional work desirable but not essential. Sal. from £120 for Assistants up to £250 resident for Wardens. Higher salaries for a few posts involving special responsibility. Apply by letter only: Personnel Sec., Y.W.C.A. Natl. Offices, Gt. Russell St., W.C.1. Women under 41 req. M. of L. permit.

L.C.C. Applics. invited for following appointments at Swanley Residential School for delicate children at White Oak Hospital, Swanley, Kent. 1. Res. or non-res. Assistant Mistress to teach children aged 5-8 yrs. Qualifics. in music desirable. 2. Res. or non-res. Assistant Master or Mistress to teach children aged 8-15 yrs. Interest in outdoor activities and qualifics. in handwork and art desirable. Sal. Burnham Scale plus two increments carried beyond max. Emoluments of board, lodging, and washing in consideration of supervisory and extraneous duties outside school hours and week-ends (or £104 p.a. in lieu in case of non-res. staff). Applic. forms from Educ. Officer (T.S.5), County Hall, Westminster Bridge, S.E.1 (s.a.e. necessary), returnable by Jan. 8. Canvassing disqualifies. (2200.)

SURREY C.C. Educ. Ctee. propose shortly to open a Residential Special School near Guildford (Surrey) for approx. 50 delicate boys (30 initially). Applics. invited for two posts of Assistant Master, one for General Form subjects, and one for Craft Work. Sal. in accordance with Burnham Scale for Special Schools, i.e., two increments will be payable in addition to normal scale salary for service in Primary and Secondary Schools. Single quarters only are available. Applic. forms, with conditions of service, obtainable on receipt of stamped (2½d.) and addressed foolscap env., from Chief Educ. Officer, County Hall, Kingston-upon-Thames.

QUALIFIED Kindergarten Mistress required in January. Private Day School, Chelmsford. 5-6 age group. Burnham Scale. Could be mornings only. Box 6731.

WINDSOR Group Hospital Management Ctee., Canadian Red Cross Memorial Hospital, Taplow, Maidenhead, Berks. Applics. invited for post of Secretary to Director of the Special Unit for Research on Juvenile Rheumatism at this hospital. Candidates must have had previous medical secretarial exp. and possess good speeds in shorthand and typing together with a sound knowledge of medical terminology. Sal. will be on scale £390 by £15 to £435. Applics. in writing, giving qualifics. and exp. tog. with copies of 3 recent testimonials, should be sent to Deputy Administrative Officer immediately.

L.C.C. Two Resident Assistant Domestic Bursars (women), reqd. at Furzedown Training College, Welham Rd., London, S.W.17, Training and exp. in institutional management is essential. Sal. £210 p.a., rising by annual increments of £15 to £255 p.a., plus tax-free emoluments of board, lodging and laundry. Apply in writing to Principal at College, stating age, qualifics. and exp., and enclosing copies of recent testimonials. (2255.)

THE Governors of Newbattle Abbey College, Dalkeith, hope shortly to reopen the College and invite applics. for post of Secretary-Bursar. Full residential accomm. (possibly including married quarters); some previous exp. of Adult Education essential. Applics., with names of 2 refs., should be in the hands of Mr. T. M. Jinkins, W.S., 20 Castle St. Edinburgh, on/before Jan. 5, 1949.

JUNIORS straight from school required for West End Trade Union Office. 36-hour week. Progressive salary. Guaranteed annual increment. Good prospects. Apply A.S.S.E.T., 110 Park St. London, W.1.

Appointments Vacant—continued

UNIV. of Liverpool. Applics. invited for post of Senior Lecturer (Grade I) in the Department of Social Science at salary of £850/£50/£1,050 p.a.; the initial salary to be fixed according to qualifics. and exp. Applics., stating age, academic qualifics. and exp., tog. with names of three refs., should be received by Jan. 24, 1949, by Stanley Dumbell, Registrar, from whom further partics. of the conditions of appointment may be obtained.

HERTFORDSHIRE C.C. Applics. invited for post of Supervisor of Rural Classes for East Hertfordshire. An interest in village life and problems of community is asked for. Post is part-time and will be paid at Evening Inst. rate with special allowances for travelling. Further details available. Applics. (no forms), should be sent to Divisional Educ. Officer, 28 Castle St. Hertford.

BRISTOL. Applics. from qualified women invited as Assistant Warden/Girls' Club Leader for Eagle House Youth Club, a large club in a Housing Estate. Training and exp. in youth work essential. Salary £300×£10 to £350 p.a. Applics., with full partics. and two recent testimonials to be sent to Secy., Bristol Youth Committee, 16 Gt. George St. Bristol, 1, by Jan. 8.

SENIOR Shorthand-typist with secretarial experience, preferably in a Surveyors' or Estate Agents' office, required immediately for a Company's Property Department in London. Write particulars of experience, age, etc., to Box 6746.

CITY firm wants to engage first-class lady secretary, perfect German and English shorthand. Good salary. Box 6835.

EXPD. operator for Burroughs 78 machine reqd. in N.W. London offices. Five-day week. Excellent canteen. Write, stating age, previous exp. and salary. Box 6766.

COOK required for small boarding school in country. Educated woman with child under 11 pref. Box 6819.

CAVENDISH Secretarial Service, 20 Gt. Portland St. W.1. All office staff supplied and wanted. Also copying of professional, literary, foreign and business papers. Duplicating. High standard. MUSeum 7130.

Appointments Wanted

GRADUATE, 25, Ex-Officer. Fluent French, German, desires post reputable Publishing House, New Year. Box 6723.

YOUNG woman reqs. work where can acquire thorough knowledge Bibliography. Typing. Box 6671.

PART-Time work in London reqd. by intelligent woman. Expd. teacher of Music in Secondary Schools, interested gardening or tearoom. Anything considered. Box 6659.

CULTURED travelled British lady, perfect Ital., gd. Fr., some Ger., excel. hostess, exp. management domestics, offers services to retired gentleman as secy.-housekeeper/travelling secy.-companion. Smart appearance, personality. Box 50271, Smiths Library, Hove.

WOMAN Graduate, modern languages and classics, fluent French and Italian, strong interest in Visual Arts, wartime Civil Service experience, age 24, seeks work in London. Write Box 6594.

INDUSTRIAL chemist, male, 30, first-class degree, experienced in research development and production, seeks post in co-operative concern compatible with Marxist views. Prepared to live abroad. Box 6267.

EX-STUDENT recovering from breakdown seeks interesting job with sympathetic employer. Box 6902.

EX-PRINCIPAL seeks post as House-Mistress in progressive Co.-Ed. or Girls' School. Long experience with children. Might take some Geog. or Eng. if reqd. Furniture for 2/3 rooms. Box 6832.

PRIVATE Secretary, experienced estate work, shorthand-typing, book-keeping, fluent German, French, able to drive car, seeks interesting post at home or abroad. Write Box 474, c/o George Murray (Advtg.), Ltd., 184 Strand, London, W.C.2.

PART-Time Secretarial work offered occasionally or regularly in Cambridge. Own typewriter. Mrs. P. Clarke, 7 Macaulay Ave. Cambridge.

PART-Time Secretarial work accepted. Own typewriter. No mornings. Would work week-ends. Box 6739.

Where to Stay and Restaurants

CLIFF Head Hotel, Carlyon Bay, St. Austell, S. Cornwall. For Winter quarters, honeymoon or a break from business. This comf. hotel is beautifully apptd. and cent. htd., incl. bedrms. Log fires. Own Talkie Projector. Sports Club 7 mins. walk for squash, badminton, covered tennis courts. Golf adjoins. Lovely srrndgs., mild climate. Special terms extended visits. Club lic. Tel.: Par 125.

FRANCE: Paying Guests taken. Large Modern Country House in Normandy. Write for terms (Jan., Feb., March): Cerisier, 15 rue des Lombards, Montivilliers, Seine Inf. Enclose Internat. Corresp. Coupon.

PLEASANT Lakeland Holidays at reasonable prices at the Y.W.C.A. Holiday and Conference House, Iveing Cottage, Ambleside. Send for brochure.

QUIET in a Derbyshire village. Lovely view. Scott wrote "Ivanhoe" here. Sgle. or married couple. Bedrm. & pte. sttg-rm. Gd. cook. Mod. cons. Gar. Tel. Box 6605.

SURREY Highlands for week-ends, holidays or permanent resid. Country house atmos. Children welc. H. & C. all rooms. Efficient cent. htg. Licensed. Morris Lodge Hotel, Gong Hill, nr. Farnham. Frensham 362.

EDINBURGH. Merok Guest House, 11 Ettrick Rd. Just 'phone 51242.

SWITZERLAND. Winter at Montreux, exc. dry climate, book now at Hotel Europe, overlooking lake, warm and comfortable, 1st class and all amenities. 8gns. weekly incl.

Where to Stay and Restaurants—continued

SMALL comfortable Guesthouse in beautiful country. Ideal for restful holiday. Bkfst. in bed if desired. Good library. 4½gns. p.w. Miss Morris, Fortrie, Fittleworth. Tel. Fittleworth 61

CHILDREN'S Guest House. Every care. Sea, country. Johnson & Paget, Thanet House, St. Peter's, Broadstairs.

LONDON, Broadway House Hotel, 132, Gloucester Place, N.W.1, close to Marylebone Stn. Write or 'phone (Paddington 1451) for accommodation, bed and breakfast (other meals if reqd.), hot and cold all rooms.

STEANBRIDGE House. Rest and convalescence for people of all nationalities. Beautifully situated in quiet Cotswold valley in easy reach Stroud. Finlayson, Steanbridge Hse., nr. Stroud, Glos. Tel.: Painswick 2312.

A SHORT rest and change will enable many people to carry on. Lovely, peaceful surrdgs., tranquil atmos. Tennis, squash, many unique features await you at Langdale Estate (N.), Gt. Langdale, Nr. Ambleside. Gras. 82.

CORNWALL. Treharrock Manor Hotel. Lovely all the year. Mildest climate. Most suitable for winter guests, convalescents, asthmatics. 15 acres gdns. Own prod. Golf St. Enodoc. Surf-bathing Polzeath, Port Isaac 234.

LONG week-ends and late holidays at Lockner Farm Guest House, Chilworth, Guildford, Sy. 1 hr. from Waterloo. Riding stables attached. Guildford 61987.

LAKES. Charming old mansion, magnificent view, modern conveniences. Croft Hotel, Ambleside. Tel. 334.

IN the middle of Dartmoor—East Dart Hotel, Postbridge. Good food, good beds, constant h.w. £5 5s. a week. Postbridge 213.

WINTER is warmer at Farringford, unique country house hotel near Freshwater, Isle of Wight. Set amid a lovely wooded estate bordering sea. Individ. service. Mild climate. Fresh prod. Garage. From 6gns. wkly. Write for details to Thos. Cook & Son, Ltd., Dept. FAR/4c/FZ, Berkeley St. W.1/branches.

HOLIDAYS in Switzerland at Hotel-Pension Schönenboden, Wildhaus, St. Gallen (3,500ft.). Family hotel in beautiful surrndgs. Open all yr. round. Winter sports. Exc. ckg. H. & C., centr. htg. Inclusive chges. pr. day: Summer Frs. 12.50-14.50. Winter 13.50-15.50.

STUDLAND, Dorset. For recreation amidst peaceful, beautiful sea-countryside. Old world house in 12 acres lovely grounds, week-ends or weekly. Riding, golf. Trains met Bournemouth W. stn. Brochure: B/M Hotels, London, W.C.1 or 'phone Studland 288.

NEW Forest, Moorhill House Hotel, Burley, Hants. Comf. country house hotel, sheltered position, 12 mls. B'mouth. Well-ckd. food, spring int. beds. Under pers. supervision. Winter, from 4gns. Burley 3285.

MEVAGISSEY, Cornwall. Pentillie Guest House. Own produce and poultry. Special autumn and winter terms.

HEAL'S Mansard Restaurant serves good food and wine in quiet and civilized surroundings. Open for morning coffee, lunch & tea. 196 Tottenham Court Rd. W.1.

Accommodation Vacant and Wanted

BAKER St. Sitting-room and bedroom available December. Women only. References essential. Apply Box 6605.

BEDRM.-Study in bright central-heated house nr. tube (N.11). 'Phone. Good meals if reqd. Refs. Lady pref. Box 6726.

NEW furnishings by Heals, etc. Must be seen to be appreciated at 143 Holland Park Ave. W.11 (Park 6280): (1) Residential accom. with good food and service from 3½-5gns. (2) Furnished service flat for 2; large bed-sitting room & kit., £5 10s.

TRIGON House Hotel, Notting Hill Gate, 40 Pembridge Villas, W.11. 'Phone BAY 0667. Lux. serv. rooms w. board. Reasonable.

NEWLY furnished apptments. from 2½gns. incl. breakfast, light, service, bath and garden. Near West End. English, French and German spoken. Tel. Gla 1967 or Box 6243.

A CHARMING Bijou Guest House, h. and c.; garden; rooms, incl. breakfast and dinner, from 3 gns. Few mins. Marble Arch, nr. tube, buses. 80 Maida Vale, W.9. MAI. 1930.

SMALL unfurn. cottage to let from Jan. 17, 2 bed, 1 sitting, kitchen, bath-storeroom, ascot. N. Finchley, 3 min. Tube, 25 Leicester Sq. No key money, no small children, garage available. 4gns. p.w. Box 6718.

FURNISHED, 2 bedrooms, 2 sitting rooms, use of bathroom and kitchen, in country house, Chipperfield Common. Terms 6gns. Tel. Kings Langley 7888 between 9-11 a.m.

SINGLE room s.c. flat with kitchen, bathroom, c.h.w. & central heating, in modern block, W.C.1, offered in exchange for 2/3-room flat, W.C., W., or Hampstead, suitable for two bachelors with piano. Box 6593.

STUDENT of architecture seeks board (London) with friendly family, no mid-day meal, often away week-ends; reasonable. 80 Highfield Lane, Southampton.

PROS. Lab. Parl. candidate and wife urgently need fur./unfur. accom. in or near London. Offers gratefully received. Box 6855.

FURN./Unfurn. room or flat wanted, E.C./W.C. district. Box 6812.

TEACHER reqs. 1-3 unfurn. rms. anywhere London within conven. reach. Finsbury Pk. Miss Shaw, 21 Almington St. N.4.

CAN anyone offer unfurnished flat at reasonable rent, to quiet cultured couple aged 38, no children. West London or suburbs. This is really most urgent. Box 6688.

FLAT reqd., 2/3 rooms unf. c.h. (nr. tube). Purch. lease or fittings. Write 220 Russell Ct. W.C.1.

ARTIST Painter requires working studio or studio flat. Write Box 6633.

SLOUGH, Bucks: tiny unfurnished cottage or bungalow wanted to rent or purchase. Box 6712.

Entertainments

PEOPLE'S Palace, Adv. 4244 (Theatre). Box. Day 2.30 & 7.30. Subs. 7.30. Wd., Th., 2.30. St. 4 & 8. "Song of Norway."

ARTS (Tem. 3334). Evgs. 7.0. St. & Sun. 5 & 8. "Gog & Magog," by James Bridie. Perfs. Boxing Day 2.30 & 7. Mems.

UNITY Theatre closed Dec. 20-26. Last week "What's Left," Dec. 27-Jan. 2. Evgs. 7.30. Mems. 2s. 6d. BUS. 5391.

RUDOLF Steiner Hall, Park Rd. N.W.1. Oxford University Players in 1st Quarto "Hamlet." Mon., Jan. 3, to Fri., Jan. 7, at 7, Mat. Wed. 2.15. 2s. 6d.-7s. 6d. PAD 9967.

PEOPLE'S Palace, Adv. 4244 (Cinema). Dec. 26, at 7.30. "La Fille du Diable" (A).

SADLER'S Wells. Ter. 1672. Opera and Ballet season. Evgs. at 7. Mat. Sats. 2.30. Progr. available at Box Office (post 1d.).

LONDON Jewish Graduates' Assocn.: A Ball at Rembrandt Hotel, Thurloe Place, S.W.7, on Sat., Jan. 1, at 7.30 p.m. Adm. by tkt. 17s. 6d. Mems. 15s. Non-Mems., from R. A. Goodman, 22 Union Bank Bldgs. Ely Place, E.C.1. Evening dress.

BRIT.-Czechoslovak Friendship League. Members & their guests are reminded of the New Year Party on Fri., Dec. 31, from 8-1, at 20, Pont St. S.W.1.

Exhibitions

40,000 Years of Modern Art. Exhibition organized by Institute of Contemporary Arts. Academy Hall, 163 Oxford St. W.1. Daily 10-10. Suns. 3-10. Adm. 1s. 6d.

J. L. DAVID. An Arts Council Exhibition, The Tate Gallery, until Jan. 16, week-days 10-6, Sundays 2-6. Closed Xmas Eve and Day, open Boxing Day 2-6. Adm. free.

BERKELEY Galleries, Buddhism in Art. Sculpture & paintings from China, Tibet, Ceylon, etc. Daily 10-6. Sats. 10-1.

ST. George's Gallery, 81 Grosvenor St. W.1. "Views of Towns" Paintings, Watercolours, Drawings by Modern Masters. Daily 10-6, Sats. 10-1.

A.I.A. Gallery, 15 Lisle St. Leicester Sq. Lithographs for Xmas by Edwin La Dell, Lynton Lamb, Charles Mozley. Daily 11-6 including Sat., till Jan. 8.

HANOVER Gallery, 32a St. George St., Hanover Sq. W.1. "Modern French Masters," Gauguin, Rouault, Soutine, Derain, Berman, etc. 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

ROYAL Society of British Artists. R.B.A. Galls., Suffolk St. Pall Mall East. Winter Exhib. 10-5 dly. Sun. exc. Adm. 1s.

THE Redfern Gallery, 20 Cork St. W.1. Abstract and other paintings by Victor Pasmore. Original Colour-prints by The Society of London Painter-Printers. Hours 10-6. Sat. 10-1. Exhibition ends Dec. 31.

FOYLES Art Gallery, Charing Cross Rd. W.C.2. Paintings by Xenia Berkeley and Lilian Colbourn, 9-6 dly. (inc. Sats.), until Dec. 29. Adm. free.

GIVE Colour This Christmas! A colour reproduction makes an individual present. At the Phœnix Gallery we hold Britain's largest stock of colour prints. 38 William IV St. Charing Cross, 9.30-5.30 (Mon.-Fri.). Catalogue on request.

Lectures and Meetings

GRADUATE Teachers rally to Bishop Partridge Hall, Church House, Gt. Smith St. Westminster, 11 a.m., Fri., Dec. 31, to hear Sir Ernest Graham-Little, M.P. for London Univ., on Graduate Salary Scandal. Adm. free.

NORTH London Reading Circle meets to read a different play every Tuesday, 8 p.m. at 4 Raymor Ct, 91 Upper Clapton Rd. New members welcomed.

ETHICAL Church, Queensway, W.2, at 11 o'clock. Dec. 26, H. J. Blackham: "Power and Limits of Goodwill."

THEOSOPHY. Public Lecture, Sundays, 7 p.m. United Lodge of Theosophists, 17 Gt. Cumberland Place, Marble Arch. All welcome. Dec. 26, Sleep and Death.

THE Theistic Church. "The Religion For All Mankind." Sun. 11 a.m. 1 Grosvenor Pl. S.W.1. Dec. 26, Rev. Helen Phillips.

Lecture Courses and Specialised Training

UNIV. of London. Extension Lectures. A Course of 12 weekly lectures on "The Writer, the Theatre and the Audience" at the Beveridge Hall, Senate House, Malet St. W.C.1, on Mondays at 7.15 p.m., beginning Jan. 17, 1949. Speakers will include Prof. Ellis-Fermor, Dr. B. Ifor Evans, Christopher Hassall, E. Martin Browne, Peter Ustinov, Michel Saint-Denis. Fees for whole Course 15s.; for single lectures 2s. Applic. for Course Tickets to Accountant, Univ. of London, Senate House, W.C.1.

NATIONAL Union of Townswomen's Guilds and others interested in Junior Club and play centre work. Arranged by N.U.F.C. Drama Cttee. Tutor: Miss E. M. Carter, Hampton Training College. Sats.: Feb. 5 and 12, at 2.30 p.m.; thereafter Fridays, Feb. 18 and 25, Mar. 4 and 11, at 6.30 p.m. Full partics. from Organising Secy., N.U.F.C., Mary Ward Settlement, Tavistock Place, W.C.1.

THE Present Question Conference, 1949, Taylor Institution, Oxford, March 31-April 7. "What Motives Urge Man to Liberty? " Speakers and Chair: Montgomery Belgion; Ritchie Calder; Richard Crossman, M.P.; Thos. Gilby, O.P.; Richard Kehoe; Dr. John Lewis; Prof. D. M. Mackinnon; Dr. J. H. Oldham; Prof. H. H. Price; Kathleen Raine; Herbert Read; Olaf Stapledon; Dr. E. B. Strauss; Dr. A. Torrie; W. Weidlé, France; H. Westmann. Accommodation: Lady Margaret Hall, Oxford. Enqs.: Secretariat, 17, Middleway, London, N.W.11.

LIEDERSINGER. Experienced German undertakes coaching in interpretation & diction in German. Box 6679.

Lecture Courses, etc.—continued

"PSYCHICAL Research: its Findings and their Implications." Progressive League Conference at Arnold House Hotel, Brighton, Feb. 11-13. Speakers: Dr. G. N. M. Tyrrell, Prof. H. Habberley Price, Dr. S. G. Soal, Dr. Olaf Stapledon, J. Guilfoyle Williams, B.Sc. Chair: Dr. C. E. M. Joad. Full prog. available. Fees: Mems. £2, non-mems. £3 5s. Apply with 10s. deposit to Hon. Sec., The Progressive League, 20 Buckingham St. W.C.2.

MIDDLESEX C.C. Education Cttee. The Maria Grey Training College (Founded 1878). Affiliated School of the Univ. of London. The follg. One-year Courses are offered for Graduate students: (a) The University of London Teacher's Diploma Course, particularly for Secondary Modern and Grammar Schools. (b) The National Froebel Foundation Teacher's Certificate, for students who wish to train for work in Nursery, Infant and Junior Schools. Prospectus, giving full partics. of fees, grants, bursaries and residence, may be obtained from Principal, Miss T. Day, M.A. Cantab., Maria Grey Training College, 11 The Avenue, London, N.W.6.

LEARN to earn! The Langham Secretarial College provides new, scientific course for ambitious secretaries, correlating teaching of shorthand (Pitman's), typewriting and English. Daily discns. on current affairs; talks by international experts. Specialised training for all prof. work. Posts g'teed. Under very distinguished patronage. Prospectus from Principal (Miss Rosemary Harris, B.Sc. (Econ.), 7 Fitzroy St., London, W.1.

Typing and Literary

BRIDGER Typewriting, Secretarial and Duplg. Service, 29 Morrison St. S.W.11. Tel. Bat. 7313. Work efficiently executed.

MSS. typed speedily and accurately. Highest references. Renee Hunt, 5 Uppingham Ave. Stanmore, Middx.

TESTIMONIALS, etc., quickly copied or duplicated. 24-hr. service. Send to Miss H. 32 Bronwen Court, London, N.W.8.

TYPING & Clerical work neatly and speedily executed. Lawrence, 450 Bethnal Grn. Rd. E.2. BIS. 2457.

DORA Morgan specialises in MSS. Plays, etc. Careful attention to spelling, punctuation. Duplicating—technical, literary and scholastic. Treelands, Warlingham, Surrey. Tel. Up. Wham 2560.

TYPEWRITING, experienced typists. Estab. 1909. Over 800 testimonials. Coppin, 195 Markhouse Rd. E.17. KEYstone 4531.

WRITE for Profit. Send for free booklet, Regent Inst. (191A), Palace Gate, S.W.8.

Personal

WANTED: Middle-aged companion for semi-invalid lady. Reqd. to help with light housework. Charlady already employed week-days. Small modern flat. Good accom., board & salary. 3 in family. Position in London area. References please. Box 6768.

YOUNG Swiss wishes stay English family preferably London about 3 months from January to perfect his English. Will return hospitality Spring or Summer. Box 6774.

LADY as working-housekeeper required by gentleman and his mother. Good home for understanding person. Christian appreciated. E. Schaeffer, Esq., "Old Acre," Cockfosters, Barnet, Herts.

WOMAN, educated, experienced administration, seeks Partnership or purchase small business, possibly semi-professional. Central London or Kensington. Not catering, shop, mfg. or wholesale. Full particulars in confidence. Box 6735.

OCCASIONAL evg./week-end work wanted —simple cooking, minding children, typing, reading. Box 6604.

FLEET St. photographic agency invite high-quality photographs taken since the War, of German and other European towns; also of British & foreign celebrities. Box 7067.

SUGGESTIONS please! Active young couple with fairly substantial capital, expd. mixed farming, labour organization, and all office routine; keen on arts, music, education, organic gardening, sport, horses, people; seek congenial, expd. partner(s) to run country club, hotel/school, etc. Box 6795.

YOUNG man reqs. patron: interested music and world affairs, but no means to write the one or study the other. Box 6793.

THE F.A.U. International Service can accept a few suitable applicants for training early in 1949. Full details from F.A.U. International Service, Steep, Petersfield, Hants.

SMALL established Literary and General Publishing House would consider substantial capital for expansion only. First-class list of internationally known authors. Ample paper quota. No liabilities. Box 6607.

BOARDING School or large house with accommodation for 50 required for four weeks of Summer Holidays for well-organized children's holiday scheme. Box PP. 3617, W. H. Smith & Son, Ltd., Manchester, 3.

ENGLISH young lady, poorly educated, wishes private lessons evenings in English Grammar, spelling, etc. Pref. teacher specialised in this tuition. Box 6245.

STATISTICS: Private tuition reqd. in certain more advanced methods. Box 6708.

ARABIC, Turkish: Coaching, Transl. Carmi, 139 White House, N.W.1. EUS 1200.

YOUNG Spanish Lawyer teaches Spanish and undertakes translations. Box 7072.

FRENCH and German taught by qualified teacher, Sarah Herling, Ph.D., 7 Brondesbury Villas, N.W.6.

GOOD speech, Stage training, Deportment. All examinations. Consult an actor, Adrian Harley (late Prince of Wales Theatre, etc., author of "How to Speak," Pitman), 30 Tavistock Court, W.C.1. Euston 3466.

Personal—continued

TUITION, Lit. Editor recommends brilliant lady teacher Italian, French, German. Highest refs. Box 5706.

B.Sc. (Econ.). Coaching, Pure Economics, Applied Economics, all Economic and Constitutional History. Box 6596.

SHORTHAND Typing Tuition wanted hourly. 'Phone Hendon 3012.

PSYCHOLOGIST. Oscar Kollerström, 10 York Gate, London, N.W.1.

FRENCH. A specialised Guarantee Course by post for All Examinations. Initial Fee only. No failures, tuition until successful. Unique opportunity meet post-war conditions. Tutor, 64 Finchley Court, London, N.3.

RUSSIAN—individ. tuition at your home, 15s. p. hr. (Mother tongue). Box 6842.

FRANCE. Exchanges with French students and others arranged by Holiday Exchange Bureau, 29 St. Margaret's St., Canterbury.

TEACHERS who want holiday exchanges, etc., for students in France, Belgium, Switzerland, please write F. Austin Don, 58 Fox Lane, London, N.13.

CARAVAN Holiday! Fully furnished gipsy Caravan on site. Kennaway, Escot, Ottery St. Mary, Devon.

AUSTRIA is Glorious in Winter. Excellent conditions for Winter Sports. Wonderful days on the mountain slopes, gay evenings, good hotels, famous spas. Particulars from any Travel Agent.

ICELAND for Winter Sports. A Holiday that is Different. Enjoy glorious ski-ing in the Wonderland of the Sagas. Within Sterling Area and only 4 hours by air from Britain. Write for illus. brochure to Iceland Tourist Bureau, Reykyavik, Iceland.

JERSEY, most southerly of the Channel Islands. Fly B.E.A. in 85 minutes from London. Winter resort leaflet free from Room 20, States Tourism Committee, Jersey, C.I.

ANY Leave Left? If you are fortunate enough to have a Winter or Easter holiday spend it with a ski-ing party or on a walking tour abroad. Cost from £24, all incl., 16 days. Ramblers Assocn. Services, 20V, Buckingham St. W.C.2.

MAKE your good resolution for 1949 now! See that you have a good holiday, spend your currency allowance wisely and join a winter-sports party with Erna Low, 9 Reece Mews, S.W.7. KEN. 0911.

BY Coach to Nice. Daily Service—no night travel. Return fare £13 10s. Contours Ltd., 72 Newman St. W.1. Museum 8499 & 6463.

WINTER Sport for the Beginner and Advanced enthusiast. All incl. arrangements. Switzerland—10 days from £22 6s., 15 days from £34 13s. 6d. Carefully selected hotels. Early bkgs. essential. Henry Allan & Sons (Travel), Ltd., 25 Cockspur St. London, S.W.1. Tel.: WHI. 5387-9.

Miscellaneous

HAVE you a London office? Company having premises in Victoria Street is prepared to act as London Agents for firm or organization. Box 6661.

IMPECUNIOUS but æsthetic? Write catalogue cheap, perfect antique furnishings: Margery Dean, Wivenhoe, Essex. Large range in stock. 'Phone 254.

PRESENT-Day Strain. Particulars regarding Training in Relaxation combined with rest in beautiful and peaceful surroundings within easy reach London, can be had from Secretary, Langley Rise, King's Langley.

GOOD income can be made by story or article writing. Send for Secrets of Successful Writing, free, from Premier School of Journalism, 95 Premier House, 53 Fleet St. London, E.C.4.

A CHILD'S Photograph? We are specialists. Portrait size taken in your own home. Home Films, 77 Dean St. W.1. GER. 5405/6.

WANTED—Stories and articles for American journals. Donald Craig, Holycross, Thurles.

MONOMARK Service. Permanent London Address. Letters redirected. Confidential 5s. p.a. Royal patronage. Write Monomark BCM/MONO12, W.C.1.

INVISIBLE Mending. Burnt, torn and moth-eaten garments invisibly mended in seven days; laddered stockings in three days. Call or send, marking damage. Bell Invisible Menders, Ltd., 22 New Bond St. W.1.

PHOTOGRAPHIC, Cine and Optical Apparatus, also accessories, in good condition, purchased for cash, exchanged, or sold on Commission. Good prices allowed. Call or write. The London Camera Exchange Co., Ltd., 35 Bucklersbury, E.C.4. City 4591.

TOP prices paid for Gold Watches, Diamonds, Jewellery, any condition. Send. Reg. Cash or offer by return. Kay's (N), 19 Hopwood Avenue, Manchester, 4.

STORIES wanted by the Agency Dept., C.20, of British Institute of Fiction Writing Science, Ltd., Regent House, Regent St., W.1. We negotiate suitable work on a 15% of sales basis (no reading fee), unsuitable work returned with reasons for rejection. We offer also an interesting booklet giving details and fees of our Courses and Criticisms, and success letters from students.

STAMMERING Thoroughly Cured. Send for The Truth about Stammering to E. E. Barker, 145 Heathfield Rd. Handsworth, Birmingham, 19, who cured himself.

DEVELOP Your Literary Talent with the London School of Journalism. Reduced fees. Personal tuition by correspondence. Free advice and book from Prospectus Office, L.S.J., 57 Gordon Sq. W.C. Mus. 4574.

NO Drains! But Sanitation like town. Elsan Chemical Closets. Guaranteed odourless, germ-free, safe. No drains, no water-flush. Write for Free Booklet, Elsan (Dept. 377/A), 51 Clapham Rd. S.W.9.

Miscellaneous—continued

CONTEMPORARY Lithographs for homes, schools and offices. Original colour prints by sixteen artists. On view at Turnstile Press, 10 Gt. Turnstile, W.C.1.

BE satisfied, buy Bermaline Bread. Ask your Baker.

"A CHILDREN'S Party? " They'll love a film show. Home Films, Limited. GERrard 5405-6.

NEW Pure White Silk Parachutes, 16 panels, each panel 13d. at base tapering to 11in. at top and 84in. long, 3 Par 32s. 6d., 1 Par 60s., whole Par 115s. Carr. free. Satisfaction or money back. H. Conway, Ltd. (Dept. 49), 139-143 Stoke Newington High St. N.16.

SMOKE—To Your Heart's Content. The perfect Herbal Smoking Mixture is Heath & Heather's No. 64. It costs 1s. 8d. per 4 oz. packet and is a blend of finest quality British herbs. Send 1s. 8d. for a packet of No. 64 to Heath & Heather, Ltd., Dept. No. C.2, Herb Specialists, St. Albans.

Schools

BELTANE School, Shaw Hill, Melksham, Wilts. Progressive co-educational school, 5 to 18 years. High academic standards.

DELL House Nursery School, Woking. Indiv. attn., healthy, happy family life, prog. education for v. small group boarders from age 4. Some day pupils. Few vacancies owing slight expansion.

GAVESTON Hall, Nutburst, Horsham, Sussex, for boys and girls prep. age. Sound educ.; family life; individ. attention; grad. staff. Also Senior course with agricultural bias. Apply Principal (Lower Beeding 384).

KENSINGTON Froebel Nursery School for children of prof. parents. 9 a.m.-5 p.m. 2½ to 5 yrs. Froebel teachers, catering by qualified dietitian. Car collection. Weekly boarders accepted. Redcliffe Nursery School, 47 Redcliffe Gdns., S.W.10. Fla. 0489.

KING Alfred School (F. 1898). Prog. Co-Educ. Day School, ages 3 to 18. Recognised by Min. of Educ. 6-acre premises at Manor Wood, North End Rd. N.W.11.

KINGSMUIR School, Sible Hedingham, Essex. Branch of Sommerhill School. Crafts, riding, excellent diet, central heating. Paying guests welcome.

ODAM Hill School; a friendly beginning for boys and girls (4-13). Animal care, riding, etc., on Children's Farm. Enqs., particularly from parents abroad, R. A. Falkner and Mrs. Falkner, B.A., S. Molton, Devon.

PINEWOOD, Anwellbury, Herts (Ware 52) for children 4 to 14—where diet, environment, psychology and teaching methods maintain health and happiness. Facilities for weekly boarders. Elizabeth Strachan.

ST. CHRISTOPHER School, Letchworth. Co-education to 18 years in an open-air atmosphere of ordered freedom. Applications for vacancies from 1950 considered. H. Lyn Harris, M.A., LL.B.; Mrs. Lyn J. Harris, M.A.

ST. Timothy's School, Dawlish, Devon. Independent Co-educational school for boarders and day scholars from five to school certificate preparation for secondary and public schools, situated in ideal surroundings. Principal, Miss S. M. Stookes, N.F.U.

SHERWOOD School (Epsom 9125). A co-educ. community, aiming at indep. initiative and friendliness. Schl., Higher Certs., boarding, day (exc. centre for Wimbledon, Sutton, Kingston, Leatherhead).

Books and Publications

FRENCH Books—1,200 new and standard works now available listed in 36 p. catalogue 6d. post free. Anglo-French Literary Services, 72 Charlotte St. W.1.

"POETRY and Religious Experience." Clive Sansom. By post 7d. from Allen Cullum, 16 Ivymount Rd. West Norwood, S.E.27.

"WHAT Do Muslims Believe? " Information & literature on applic. fr. The Iman, The Mosque, Woking, Sy. Woking 679.

THE Writer, The Hutchinson monthly for the journalist and author, tells how to write and sell articles and stories. Annual subscription 18s. 6d. post free from Hutchinson Periodical Co., Ltd., 10 Gt. Queen St. W.C.2.

WHAT do Unitarians believe? Information & literature on receipt of stamp: Mrs. Dickin, Hilltop, Park Rd. Bridport, Dorset.

FURTHER EDUCATION. December issue just published. Send £1 for year's subscription to 10 Great Turnstile.

Readers' Market

FOR Sale: Encyclopædia Britannica, 1947 Edition, Cloth, £65; Children's Encyclopædia, complete, unbound; Economics Journal, 1938-1948, partly bound, £9; "Life and Letters," early issues; "New Yorker," 1949—offers; H.M.V. Radiogram, Pre-war Model completely rebuilt, £21; Vatrix cleaner, Indian carpet, 9×7½, electric iron, all brand new—offers; Russian Dress and Apron, Museum Piece/Fancy Dress—cost £30, accept £10.

WANTED: Douglas: "Some Limericks," Clean Copies, Phœnix edition, "Ants" and "Bird Watching and Bird Behaviour"; Julian Huxley; Oxford Dictionary; Portable Typewriter; Thomas' Register of American manufacturers (recent edition).

Send no money or goods in reply to the advertisements, but write first to N.S. & N. Readers' Market, 10, Great Turnstile, mentioning advt. and details (separate letter for each item). Charges under this heading, 2s. first word, 10d. a word after, including forwarding replies.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS, 3s. 6d. per line (average 6 words). Box No. 1s. extra. Prepayment essential. Press Tuesday. Insertion delayed many weeks. State latest date acceptable. 10 Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1. Hol. 8474.

More Classified Advertisements on page 578

Entered as second-class Mail Matter at the New York, N.Y., Post Office, 1928. Printed in Great Britain for the Proprietors by the Cornwall Press Ltd., Paris Garden, Stamford Street, London, S.E.1; Published Weekly at 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, London, W.C.1.